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THE FENIAN POEMS.*

If we remember aright, M. de Lamartine relates in his "Confidences" a sufficiently absurd episode of his youthful days. He was violently sentimental, and given to wandering about in the woods and over the hills of his native province, seeking in vain to satisfy the craving for something unknown that had sprung up in his breast. In this mood he fell in with Baour-Lormian's French translation of Macpherson's Ossian. Of all others Ossian was the book best suited for a young man in his then frame of mind. This was in the first decade of the present century, while Byron was still a school-boy, guiltless of "Childe Harold," "The Corsair," "Lara," and the other creations, which since that time have been the proper and natural mental nourishment of poetical young gentlemen of from sixteen to twenty years of age. Had Byron's poems existed at the time of which we are writing, we have no doubt that M. de Lamartine would had gloomy things to reveal to us. We can imagine that his Confessions would be, that he had forthwith been struck with a violent hatred of and contempt for everything and everybody around him. Some one fair being perhaps would have been excepted from this general loathing, but then he and she alike would have been the victims of an all-consuming passion, all the more roused of course by the opposition of cold-hearted and business-like parents or guardians. Byron, however, was not, and Ossian, or rather Macpherson, done into faultless French Alexandrines by M. Baour-Lormian, was. The poetic fever of seventeen, therefore, took the mild form of gazing on the clouds, the mists, the moon and the stars, listening to the moaning of the wind, and calling on the spirits of old. Now, M. de Lamartine, or rather his parents, had a neighbour, and this neighbour had a daughter, whose name, M. de Lamartine tells us, was Lucy. Miss Lucy and M. de Lamartine, after the fashion of young people, whether in sunny France or in foggy England, struck up a flirtation, and the young gentleman inoculated his fair companion with all his own love for the blind bard of Morven. They studied intensely the pages of the supposed Celtic poet, they committed to memory long passages of Fingal, and strove to imitate Temora. One fine winter's night the future orator and poet induced Miss Lucy to defy the snow, to condemn the dangers of wet feet, and to meet him in

some quiet spot, where they might in peace, and amid a congenial scene, meditate upon the beauties of their favourite author. The young lady assented, and accordingly they met. The gentleman wiped away the snow which lay upon a stone bench, spread his cloak as a cushion, and the pair seated themselves. The night was most propitious for an Ossianic meditation. The moon was up, and the wind was fleetly driving the clouds across the sky, occasionally obscuring the light poured down by the pale goddess of the night. In a word, everything was most romantic, but it was woefully cold. Both parties, in spite of poetry, felt extremely uncomfortable, as well on account of the weather as from a lurking dread of the proprieties. The gentleman hazarded an observation, in the most approved Macphersonic style, upon the beauty of the night, to which Miss Lucy answered only by a shiver, and the romantic couple began to feel excessively embarrassed, not to say foolish, when a loud noise startled them, and the young lady sprang up and ran home as fast as she could, leaving her admirer to deal with the interruption as best he might. The intruder turned out to be nothing more terrible than a large dog belonging to M. de Lamartine, which had got loose and set out in search, and now, loudly barking, came bounding towards him. The interview was at an end, however, and neither M. de Lamartine nor the fair Lucy ever again thought it worth their while to push their love for Ossian so far as to sit out in the cold and damp of a winter's night with no better object than to talk fastian and look at the moon.

Such was the lame and impotent conclusion of the future French poet's Ossianic episode. And something of this absurdity clings at the present day about every attempt to deal with Macpherson's production. It has fallen into a hopeless disrepute. Its images are stigmatised as false and monotonous. Goldsmith's line, "Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style," expresses what is felt about its composition. As to anything like discussion upon its authenticity as a correct translation of an actually existing Gaelic original, that is not even listened to. In fact there are few more melancholy things in literature than the history of Macpherson's Ossian. When Fingal first appeared, it was as if a new light had broken in upon the world. Homer and Virgil were to give way to the old Celtic bard, whose productions after the neglect of centuries were now at length made known. Long and learned essays were written in defence alike of the authenticity of the poems and of their literary merit. Doctor Blair gravely published a dissertation in which "Fingal" was held up as the model

* Publications of the Ossianic Society. Dublin. Simpson's Poems of Ossian. London.

of what an epic ought to be. The work, it was said, was valuable too, apart from its literary merits, in an antiquarian point of view. The historian, who desired to describe the manners and laws of the early inhabitants of these islands, could find no better authority than Ossian. But, to use a vulgar phrase, some cold water began to be thrown upon all this enthusiasm. People began to ask where were the originals of these wondrous poems, and to this very natural question no satisfactory answer was ever returned. Then came assertions that in fact there were no originals, and to the great disgust of very many patriotic Scotsmen, this assertion began to be credited, and has now, after a smart struggle, been accepted as the undeniable truth. James Macpherson was Ossian, and Ossian was James Macpherson,—such is the simple proposition in which the controversy has ended. Poor Doctor Blair's dissertation, and the hundred other similar essays that were generated by the publication of "Fingal" and "Temora," have passed away to nothing, and the result of all is, that Ossian was a successful literary humbug. Once this was settled, the fate of the work was sealed. Its literary merits were at once forgotten or contested; no one would read what had been announced as genuine and had proved to be false. Accordingly few books are now more neglected than the once-admired Ossian. Each of us has perhaps felt this process in his own mind. When very young we have taken the book up, and allured by the language of the preface of Doctor Blair, we have gravely set to work to read it in perfect good faith. So long as we had no doubts of its authenticity, we read on with delight. It was to us the truest of true poetry; the only scepticism we had was as to Ossian being a Scotsman, and with all the patriotism of youth we were ready to assert that our own green land had had the honour of his birth. But soon we found that in plain truth the book was simply the production of a Scotch literary man of the last century, and that our beloved poems had no earlier existence. Then at once our judgment changed. Our mildest word for the book was that it was "rubbish," and even now the once well-thumbed volume lies collecting dust on our top-most shelf, whence for years back it has never been removed.

There is something of injustice in this neglect of Ossian. True it is that it is simply an imposture, but it is a very clever one. True it is, that there is no Celtic original for the great mass of the poems; taking them simply as English productions, there is much in them that is really very beautiful. The fact that the blind old man of Morven is merely a myth, does not prevent that Macpherson had now and then a good deal of the poet in him, and that he has given vent to the poetic spirit in very touching language. Though Goldsmith stigmatized his style as bombastic, it must be confessed that it is occasionally the very reverse. No one can read without emotion the various descriptions of nature, or the pictures of desolation which are sometimes presented, and which are almost Biblical in their vividness, while the supernatural element is often introduced with an unrivalled grace and

solemnity, removed alike from vulgarity and puerility. We think then, that for his own merits, James Macpherson is deserving of a better fate than the almost total oblivion in which he is paying the penalty of his detected imposture.

Macpherson's imposture, however, like most other impostures, had a grain of truth. He had worked up into his epics the ballads which, popular alike in the Highlands of Scotland and in Ireland, had formed, so to speak, the epic cycle of the Gaelic race. These ballads were very far indeed from constituting a regular epopee. Still they existed, connected with each other so far as that they all celebrated the achievements of a particular number of individuals, whether historical or fabulous, it matters little. It would have been strange indeed, if the Gael had been without some such poems. In the infancy of all nations, we ever find some characters who are the heroes of the race, and whose exploits form the theme of the earliest examples of the national literature. From the heroes who fought on the plains of windy Troy to the jovial forest outlaws and stark moss-troopers who are the darlings of the minstrels of England and of the Scottish border, we find every nation has its favorites the subjects of song and ballad. The *Iliad*, the *Nibelungen Lied*, the *Romancero del Cid*, the Welsh and Breton songs of Merlin and King Arthur, the *Little Geste of Robin Hood*, with Chevy Chase, and all the glorious store of English and Scotch ballad poetry, are so many examples of this national literature,—a literature sprung from the people itself, not fostered by alien influence, and conversant with men who trod, or were supposed to have trod, the country's own ground. Of course when we class the *Iliad* with this popular literature, we do so with all due reverence. Alone perhaps among all human productions, that poem, and its sister epic the *Odyssey*, possess at once all the correctness, unity, and finish of the regular epopee, and the freshness, vigour, and familiarity of the popular ballad, and thus they may be said to belong at once to both classes. They are the best examples alike of regularly cultivated poetry, and of that which springs up spontaneously in every nation; and the blind old man of Chios was the forerunner alike of the polished Italian who told the high emprise of Christendom against the Paynim in the Holy Land, and of the "blind crowder" who first to an audience of rustics sang the rude but spirit-stirring strains of Chevy Chase. Eminently gifted with all the qualities which tend to give a poetic spirit to a people, and at the same time, peculiarly tenacious of tradition and peculiarly given to hero-worship, the Celts of Scotland and of Ireland, who form in fact the one family, could not be destitute of that collection of tales and legends which every other race in Europe possesses. Accordingly, at the bottom of Macpherson's production, unreal as itself was, there lay a certain foundation of reality in the shape of old songs, celebrating the exploits of certain national heroes, which had for centuries formed the delight of the Gael whether in Scotland or in Ireland. These heroes, however, are by no means

the faultless gentlemen whom Macpherson brought before the world. Fionn, the son of Cumhal and the companions who gather around him in the old ballads, are very different from the perfect king who ruled over the ideal Morven, and the gallant knights worthy of the best days of chivalry who formed his court. The heroes of the genuine poems are simply the chiefs of a militia which, according to tradition, formed the standing army of Ireland for a couple of hundred years after the beginning of the Christian era, and which the same tradition tells us, was destroyed by King Cairbre Lifeaschair, in a great battle which took place in the third century. The exploits of the various leaders of this militia, their battles, their hunts, the dangers which they ran from the spells of enchanters, form the subjects of the cycle of poems which Macpherson worked up into such an elegant composition, as would suit the fastidious taste of the eighteenth century. The traditions respecting the Fenians are remarkably circumstantial. Thus we have not merely the names of the various chieftains who, at different times, commanded them, the last being the famed son of Cumhal himself, but we have also full details of their numbers, their subdivisions, and their discipline. The Fenian force, as the traditions and the old Irish annalists both tell us, consisted of seven battalions, each numbering three thousand men. It was a body recruited from the entire population of the country, and every candidate for admission into it was obliged to submit to a number of tests to prove that he was, both physically and mentally, worthy of the honour which he sought. He was compelled to stand without any defensive armour save a small buckler and a staff a cubit long, and with these to ward off the missiles hurled at him by nine of his future comrades, from the distance of the breadth of nine furrows. Getting no greater start than the width of a tree, he was to escape from the pursuit of nine of the Fenii. He was to be able while running to extract a thorn from his foot without lessening his speed. He should, on the one hand, jump over a barrier, equal in height to his own shoulders, and on the other, be able at full speed to creep beneath another as low as his knee. His long glibbes were to be so tightly fastened up as never to fall, in the heat of the fiercest pursuit, through the most difficult passes. But all these physical perfections were not sufficient to entitle him to the honor of serving in the ranks of the Fians of Erin. Some preconceptive notions of modern competitive examinations seems to have been floating in the mind of the framer of the rules of the Fenian militia. The candidate even for no higher grade than that of a full private in that distinguished corps, had to prove his acquaintance with the laws of old Irish prosody; and if he was not actually compelled to write from dictation, in order to test his knowledge of orthography and punctuation, it would seem that he was obliged to show some specimen of his proficiency in original poetical composition. It does not appear in any of the traditions which have come under our notice, that any great attention was paid to the quality of the compositions in question; but a rhymers, good or bad,

the candidate must be, or else he must renounce the honor of trailing a pike under the command of Fionn the son of Cumhal or of any of his predecessors, chiefs of the Fenians. Another rule is as curious as illustrating the state of society existing when these traditions took their rise. No man was received into the Fenian army unless his relatives entered into an engagement, that if he should be slain they would abstain from enforcing the *eric*, or money-penalty, which the next of kin of a murdered man was by the laws authorised to exact from the murderer. This, from the moment of a man's admission into the ranks of the Fenii, was the privilege of his new comrades. They alone were to settle all matters of this kind, and thus, in point of fact, they became his family, and he was severed from all connections outside the ranks which he had joined. Such were some of the rules of this force, which is celebrated in Irish tradition, and the names of whose chiefs are even at this day household words in many a district in Ireland. From the beginning of winter to the beginning of summer,—in Irish phrase, from Samhain to Beal Teine—these troops were billeted upon the inhabitants of the country. From Beal Teine till Samhain ushered in winter, they lived under the leaves of the forests, acquiring their sustenance by the chase, and in its toilsome exercise, keeping their limbs in vigour for the realities of war. All this is, of course, tradition, and may or may not be true; yet in favour of the existence, at least, of such a body as the Fenians, is the fact that they are repeatedly mentioned in the Irish annals, and that the period assigned to them is one not beyond historical memory. We are not, however, now writing a discussion upon history, but endeavouring to give an account of a certain body of popular Gaelic poems, so that for our present purpose, it is quite immaterial whether the Fenians did once bodily exist, or are merely the mythical creations of fancy.

It is with the last period of the existence of this militia that the poems and tales, which are all known by the general name of Fenian, are conversant. Like all great privileged military bodies, the Fians of Ireland became a scourge to the country which they were intended to protect, and accordingly they met at last, at the hands of one of its monarchs, the fate which within this century befel the Janissaries and Mamelukes. But during this latest period the Fenians were officered by a number of men whose names are as familiar to the Irish peasant as Robin Hood and Little John, with Will Scarlett and Friar Tuck, are to the lovers of English ballad lore. Foremost among the legendary heroes of the Gael comes Fionn, son of Cumhal, the last leader of the Fenians, and the chief whose name gives a certain unity to the various adventures which occur in the course of these old ballads. Fionn is the original of Macpherson's Fingal, and round him are gathered his son, Oisín, Fergus, the sweet-mouthed poet, Gaul the son of Morni, Osgur the son of Oisín, and the bravest of all the Fenian champions, the Hector of this series of poems, and Conan, a personage whom Macpherson was too fastidious to introduce, the Thersites of Irish tradition,

boastful, lying, and cowardly, but cunning and dexterous withal, and by his dexterity and cunning at times rendering no slight services to his more valiant but less prudent comrades. Nor, in enumerating the heroes of these ballads, should we forget Bran, Fionn's faithful stag-hound, that is ever by her master's side, and accompanies him through all his adventures. These then are the heroes of the poems. The scene of action shifts so often that scarcely a district in Ireland is left untouched. Even this, our metropolitan county, which for centuries has been English, in language at least, and whither few persons would think of coming to study the old traditions of the country, has a great part in these old tales. Howth, with its population of fishermen, its railway station, and its numerous villa residences, is classic ground in Fenian tradition. Farther north, close by the village of Garristown, was fought the great battle in which the Fians, who had waxed insolent, were exterminated by Cairbre Lifeachair. Castleknock was the scene of another combat. Southward, if the reader follows up the stream of the Dodder towards its source, he passes through the vale of Glenismole, where, long before Davis had written his pretty ballad of Emmeline Talbot, a Celtic bard had laid the scene of one of the adventures of Fionn and his companions. Of course, when we travel into the wilder districts of the country where the old Celtic tongue has not yet disappeared before the advance of the Saxon, and where the ancient traditions linger still in all their freshness, the foot-prints of the old heroes become still more frequent, and there is scarcely a glen, scarcely a hill-top, which has not its Fenian tale or its Fenian song. Among the old people some will be found to recite ballads ever on the one subject, which have been handed down from generation to generation for centuries, and which still find eager hearers on the long nights of winter. Day by day, however, the number of those who are thus the depositaries of the old popular literature, is becoming smaller and smaller. The old tongue is fast dying out, and perhaps, in a very few years, Irish will be as strange to the people of Mayo or of Kerry as it now is to those of Dublin or of Wicklow. The Irish language as a living tongue, is, we fear, doomed; and, therefore, before it altogether ceases from the lips of men, it is all the more imperative to collect what monuments of it there yet may be remaining. We are glad then to see signs of a movement to publish the tales and ballads to which we have referred, and we wish all success to the Ossianic Society which has devoted itself to that task. We must not forget to thank Mr. Simpson, whose name stands at the head of our article, and to whose little volume we owe a couple of pleasant hours. Precisely because those tales and poems are, strictly speaking, popular, because they embody the prominent myths of the Irish Gael, and form a sort of epic cycle, we think in some sense the translation and publication of them is almost of more importance, and more desirable than the translation and publication of any other of the monuments of the Irish language. There are works which are more serious. Doubtless,

the student of the ancient condition of this country will consider the old chronicles, dry and dreary as the reading of them is, much more important. Doubtless, too, the Book of Rights, and the long-expected Brehon laws, have to the antiquary a deeper interest than can be possessed by productions which many may be disposed to stigmatize as frivolous. Nevertheless we cannot but think that the collection of poems which have for so long a time been the favourite mental food of the people, which, therefore must have peculiarly appealed to their feelings and imagination, and which cannot but have had a deep influence on their character, is a work which ought to stand high in our national literary and antiquarian undertakings. If the ballads of a people are of that importance which Fletcher of Saltoun ascribes to them, then, indeed, frivolous as these old poems may appear, we must not forget that they are the ballads of the Gael, and therefore more valuable in some respects than their laws.

But have these poems any intrinsic literary merits? It is almost invariably the fashion, when giving to the light such relics of former days as these Ossianic poems are, for the editor to descant upon their value to the historian and to the antiquary. The former is told that they are precious materials for the prosecution of his studies. The latter is reminded that in them he will find many a trace of long-faded customs, which he would vainly look for elsewhere. If we are neither historians nor antiquaries, our patriotism is appealed to, and we are asked to admire them because they are old, and because they are Irish. There is something in both these reasons for recommendation; but we wish for somewhat more. We should like to find that the poems which have so long filled the minds of our people had something really worthy of admiration in them. And in spite of very many faults, much extravagance, and occasionally much wearisome lengthiness, we are glad to be able to say, judging from the specimens before us, that these old poems contain no small spark of the fiery element of poetry. They are certainly far from being as neatly polished as the work that Macpherson carved out of them. They do not form any such a regular epic as is Fingal. The very plan of them is extravagant and startling, and marked with a good deal of that eccentricity which some writers love to ascribe to our national character. The various poems are supposed to be recited by Oisín, the blind old Fenian warrior, to Saint Patrick. Now, as there is a considerable interval of time between the era to which the existence of Oisín himself, supposing him to have existed, is attributed, and the date of Saint Patrick's preaching in our island, there is some difficulty in reconciling the meeting of the two personages with anything like probability. Of course the usual excuse may be fairly made, that poetry cannot be expected to submit to chronology, but independently of this, the old Irish tradition steps in, and by a pleasing legend removes the apparent inconsistency. Oisín, like King Arthur, did not die. When old age came upon him, and all his former compeers had passed away, slain in battle, or

bound for ever in the chains of hostile enchanters, he himself was carried off by some good genius to Tir-na-n-Og, "the land of youth." "Tir-na-n-Og," says a poem, the authenticity of which, however, it is right to say, the Ossianic society does not warrant:

"Tir-na-n-Og is the most beautiful country that can be found,
The most productive now beneath the sun;
The trees are bending under fruit and bloom,
While foliage grows to the top of every bramble.

Wine and honey are abundant in it,
And everything the eye ever beheld;
Consumption shall not waste you during life,
Neither shall you see death or dissolution."

In Tir-na-n-Og the frame of Oisín was renewed, the vigour of his early days was restored to him, and in the joys of this Celtic elysium into which he had entered without tasting of death, he spent some two hundred years. At the end of that time, in spite of the allurements of his abode, his heart yearned for the hills on which, with Fionn and the other valiant men of the Fenian host, he had alternately chased the deer and confronted the foe. In vain did the Queen of the Land of Youth oppose his wish and warn him of the danger to which the gratification of it would expose him. Oisín persisted, and then his patroness gave him a steed, which she bade him mount, cautioning him that if his feet touched earth his new youth would instantly vanish, and he would once more become the grey old man that he had been two hundred years before. Mounted on this steed, Oisín set out, and arrived in Ireland, where he journeyed on till one day he saw a man endeavouring in vain to lift a heavy stone from the ground. Forgetful of the warning which he had received, he dismounted to assist the stranger. As soon as he stood on the ground his fairy steed disappeared, his nerves were unstrung, his hair turned grey, and light fled from his eyes. Oisín stood again in his native land, withered, old, and blind. Great was the change in Ireland since he had left it, for Tir-na-n-Og. A new religion had been introduced. The old mythology had made way for a strange faith which Oisín knew not. There were monks where once there had been Druids, and the bells of the Christian churches sounded in his ears wherever he bent his steps. The tradition now makes him fall in with Saint Patrick, all whose efforts are directed to the conversion of the old Pagan to Christianity. No small part of the ballads is taken up with the discussion between the Christian bishop and the blind hero. Saint Patrick endeavours to persuade his pupil into a belief in Christianity, and sets before him the joys which in a future state await the true believer. He also more than in-vinates, indeed asserts, that the son of Cumhal and the other chiefs, whose valour and generosity Oisín loves to extol, are suffering in the other world for their want of faith. Oisín retorts upon the saint, and gives vent to an amount of "healthy animalism," that would gladden the heart of the Rev. Charles Kingsley. He scoffs at St.

Patrick's doctrines, and vauntingly compares the lives of the old Fenian heroes with the asceticism of "the tribe of Croziers." We take the following extract from one of the publications of the Ossianic society:

Patrick—"Oisín! long is thy slumber,
Rise up and hear the psalm;
Thy agility and valor have forsaken thee,
Though thou didst engage in battles and conflicts.

Oisín—"I have lost my agility and strength
Since no battalion survives to Fionn;
In the clerics is not my pleasure,
Music after him is not sweet to me.

I have heard music more melodious than your music,
Though greatly thou praisest the clerics:
The song of the blackbird of Letter Lee,
And the melody which the Lord Fionn made.

The very sweet thrush of Gleana a Sgail
Or the dashing of the barks touching the strand;
More melodious to me was the cry of the hounds,
Than of thy schools, O chaste cleric.

A delight to Fionn of the heroes
Was the cry of the hounds afar on the mountain;
The wolves starting from their dens,
The exultation of his hosts, that was his delight

I would take more delight in the bound of the buck,
Or in looking at badgers between two glens;
Than in all that thy mouth promiseth to me,
And all the joys I would get in heaven beyond."

Sometimes the controversy between the bishop and the old warrior waxed extremely violent, and language is bandied from the one to the other which brings to mind the specimen of "Ossian" which Hector McIntyre recites to Mr. Oldbuck in "The Antiquary." On the whole, indeed, most of the discussion could be spared with advantage, were it not that it is curious as shewing the subjects that amused our countrymen many years ago, and were it not also for some passages which are not devoid of a certain rude and popular vigour. Popular ballad poetry, however, is not to be judged by the standard which we apply to those great works on which a first-class intellect has spent all its energy for years. Even those first-class minds are not perfect. Homer nods now and again, and it is not to be wondered at if a rude author singing for a rude people should be guilty of passages which to us appear intolerably dull, but which, perhaps, from one circumstance or another, lost to us now, were not without some attraction for his hearers. Such passages undoubtedly do occur in these ballads. Some of the poems indeed, at least in their translated form, appear to be without a redeeming beauty from beginning to end. Such is the lay of "the Battle of Ventry," in Mr. Simpson's collection. The

battle itself is said to have lasted for a year. A lifetime would scarcely suffice for the reading of the poem, as no one could get through a page of it without being instantly plunged into a deep and lasting sleep, so that very small doses indeed of it can be safely taken at a time. However, this is far from being universally the case.

After such a prologue as we have described, consisting usually of a little controversy between Oisín and Saint Patrick, the latter prevails upon his pupil to relate some of his old adventures, and then the ballad properly speaking begins. The subject is usually a tale of enchantment, or a tale of war, and indeed, these two form the great classes into which all the ballads may be divided. Each class has its own well-defined mode of treatment, and its peculiar characteristics. The ballads of enchantment open usually with a hunting scene, generally very graphically described. In the course of the chase occur the adventures which make up the story. Either some strange deer is started which proves to be some powerful sorceress who has changed herself into that form for the purpose of misleading the hunters, or Fionn and one or two of his companions are separated from the rest of the band, and are entrapped into some enchanted castle, where they undergo much suffering till, by some fortunate chain of circumstances, they are released; or again in others, Fionn's own generosity and chivalry are abused to his misfortune, and some potent spell is cast over him, which changes his being, and turns him from a vigorous warrior into a powerless old man. There is not a little of vividness of fancy and of luxuriance of description in those specimens of this class which have come under our notice. Thus in the ballad known as the poem of the Chase, which has ever been one of the greatest favourites of all collectors and translators of Ossianic poetry, the following description is one which we venture to say would excite a good deal of admiration had it proceeded from the pen of some author better known than the obscure Celtic bard who wrote it.

"Fionn," so runs Mr. Simpson's translation, "heard the weeping of a woman; she sat on the banks of a lake; there the young damsel wept; her face and her figure were lovely.

"Her cheeks were redder than the rose; her mouth was like two berries; as the blossom was her chalky neck; her bosom was as fair as the lime.

"The colour of gold was on her hair; her eyes were like stars on frosty nights; hadst thou beheld her form, thy affection thou wouldst have given to the woman."

Homely as are one or two of the images used here, it cannot be denied that a very beautiful picture is set before us. Or let us for a bold striking opening to a ballad, at once containing pleasing natural imagery, and vividly depicting action, take the beginning of "the Chase of Glenasmol." We quote again from Mr. Simpson.

"Early one foggy morning I and Fionn, Feargus, Faolan, Osgar of dire deeds, Diarmuid Donn, and Conan Maol, went to chase the deer in the Vale of Thrushes; we were delighted at seeing the swiftness of the hounds in the glen,

Fionn had Sgeolan and Bran; each two men of the Fenii, had a hound between them. We came to a glen of beautiful trees; the birds in flocks sang melodiously. We set free our hounds, the sound of our dogs in the cliffs was more delightful to us than the song of harps.

"A doe was started in the wood; one of her sides was white as a swan upon the water; the other was dark as a sloe. Through the brake she ran swifter than the flight of a hawk. We wondered greatly to see the speed of the doe. She outstripped the best hound of the children of Baoisne, even Bran who never missed her prey. Though the chase began in the dusky hour of morning, not a hound had returned at the hour of rest. We mourned over our lost hounds. Deardagh said: 'The chase which we began early in the morning was not a natural one.'

"Soon after Bran came back, tired and wet. She lay down before Fionn, panting; her cry was shrill and loud. The son of Cumhal said: 'I know by your cry that our heads are in great danger.'

"When he had said this there came to us a lovely woman of fair skin; her golden hair in heavy folds fell down to her feet; it swept the dew from the grass. A crown of gold encircled the head of this lovely maid of modest countenance. She shed bright light over all the Fenii from a golden star which hung from her side; her cheeks were like wild roses; her bosom was whiter than snow; on her brow was no frown; her eyes were clear, without mist; low and sweet were the tones of her voice."

We have read worse poetry than this. The simple language of the old bard tells us more—and makes us feel more strongly,—than many a more elaborated description would. The woodland scene, the joy of the heroes at the beginning of their chase, the wild commingled music of the song of the birds, and of the baying of the hounds, the lassitude of the huntsmen after their long fruitless pursuit, even that one simple image of Fionn's favourite Bran, coming back panting and whining to her master's feet, followed by the appearance of the strange lady, all combine to form a picture which many a modern writer would be proud of having sketched. In another ballad we have a really remarkable scene of enchantment. Fionn and his companions set out upon a hunting expedition, but after a while the party breaks up, and Fionn with one comrade, Daire, is left upon the mountain side while the other heroes follow the chase away from their chief. After much wandering about the mountain, the two see a fair woman approaching them. She had been travelling with her husband when their path was crossed by the chase, which he followed, leaving his companion alone. Fionn asks the name of the fair lady whom he meets in this way, and she replies:

"Labharan is the name of my spouse; my own name is Glan Luadh. I know not where he went, nor can I tell in what course the swift chase departed."

"Not long after these gentle sayings of the two," the ballad proceeds, "they heard spiritual music which caused them to feel sleepy; sweetly it sounded at their sides, and after it there went forth a great noise and sound.

"Oh gentle queen, is this music thine? Are the musicians belonging to thee who play sweet sounds by my side? I should never think thy company tedious; do not wrong me by thinking so."

"There are no players of music with me but thou and Daire, truly; nor is there any one else with me: I promise thee it is true."

"The music and the noisy clangour grew louder in the

holes of the ears of the three : they were sinking into heavy trances : they had not strength to stand.

"It was not long ere they all fell prostrate: the three so kind went into heavy trances like those of death.

"When they came out of their swoon, and recovered their shapes, with colour, form, and appearance, they saw near them a beautiful golden mansion of power and mastery.

"They also saw encircling them a vast, blue-waved powerful sea ; swimming over it there came a bulky hero and an amiable woman.

"Daire said, 'I am afraid, oh Fionn, and thou, flower without gloom, that the two who approach us by swimming will be the cause of melancholy to us.'

"That hero and the woman seized upon the three and held them closely : they took them to the golden mansion : direful to the three was that swimming."

The whole of this passage reads almost like a scene from "the Tempest." Not that there is any similarity between the characters introduced in the Irish ballad, and those which are brought before us by the great English dramatist, but in both productions we are taken at once into a land of enchantment, where the supernatural takes the place of every-day life. The Irish hill-side, like Prospero's island, is "full of noises," unearthly music is ringing through the air, and we are compelled perforce to yield ourselves up to the influence of the magic wand that is wielded by the poets in both instances.

We now pass to the second division, that of the war-ballads. They too, as well as the ballads of enchantment, have peculiar characteristics of their own. We do not find in them the same graceful descriptions that we find in the others, but to compensate for this they are often full of strength and vigour, and contain passages which may well be compared with any other poems of the kind that we are acquainted with. The scenes which they detail are vividly set before our eyes, and although there is much in them that might advantageously be omitted, it is impossible to deny that on the whole they are very striking. Notwithstanding all the disadvantages of a plain literal translation, the following passage must be allowed to form an admirable opening to a tale of war and slaughter. The verses which we quote are those which stand at the beginning of "the Battle of Cnoc an Air," which is in all its parts a really fine poem.

"We were all, the Fians and Fionn,
Assembled on this hill to the west,
Practising feats of agility,
And we so mirthful casting stones.

Not long were we so,
When the Druid of Tara wisely said :
'I greatly fear, O Fionn of the Fians!
That the time is not far when thou shalt regret.'

'What means this,' said Fionn,
'That thou foretel our cause of grief ;
There is not a hero under the sun,
Who among the Fians cannot find his match.'

'Believe me, O Fionn of the tempered blades,
That the foe is nigh at hand ;
Behold those clouds of blood,
Threatening gloomily side by side.'

Fionn called Oscur to him,
And said, 'O hero of the sharp blade,
'Tis likely that thou shalt be mourning ;
Behold the portents in the heavens.'

'O king of the Fenians,' saith Oscur,
'Be not startled or depressed by them ;
There is might and strength in thy arms,
And a mighty host by thy side.'

Again, what a vigorous picture is given in the four lines descriptive of the valour of Oscur at the battle of Gabhra.

"My son urged his course
Through the battalions of Tara,
Like a hawk through a flock of birds,
Or a rock descending a declivity."

Indeed, of all the characters which figure in the course of these poems, Oscur is the one who, not even excepting Fionn himself, is by far the most interesting. He is the Achilles of the Fenian cycle, and the bard who composed these ballads is constantly referring to him, and lingering, as it were, over his exploits with an affection well suited to the idea, that Ossian who narrates them is the father of the hero. His death at the battle of Gabhra gives occasion for a most pathetic description. We do not think that we are going too far when we say, that there are very few things in the whole range of poetry finer than that narrative, or more touching than the expression of utter desolation conveyed by the few simple lines with which the bereaved father concludes his tale. The extract is perhaps a long one, but it is so beautiful that we cannot refrain from giving it.

"I found my own son lying down
On his left elbow, and his shield by his side,
His right hand clutched his sword, and he
Pouring blood through his mail.

I laid the shaft of my spear on the ground,
And I raised a cry over him.
O Patrick, I then bethought,
What I should do after him.

Oscur gazed up at me,
And the sight was pain enough for me :
He extended his two arms towards me,
Endeavouring to rise to meet me.

I grasped the hand of my own son
And sat down by his left side ;
And from the time of that sitting by him,
I disregarded the world.

My manly son thus said to me,
And he at the latter end of his life :
'I return thanks to the gods
For thy safe escape, O father.'

We raised the manly Oscur
Aloft on the shafts of our javelins,
Bearing him to another pure mound
To strip him of his garments.

A palm's breadth from his hair
Of his body was not whole,
Until it reached the sole of his foot,
But his face alone.

A long time we remained thus
Watching his fair white body,
Till at length at noon we saw approach
Fionn Mac Cumhal, son of Trenmor.

We all saluted Fionn,
But he made no reply to us
Until he reached the strong Tulach (mound)
Where Oseur of the sharp-edged weapons lay.

The moment Oseur saw Fionn
Directing his way towards him,
He looked on the face of the Prince,
And saluted his grandfather.

Oseur then said
To the son of Moirne that time :
'I concede my head to death
Since I beheld thee, Fionn of the keen-edged weapons.'

Sad it is, Oseur the valiant,
Thou good son of my own son :
After thee I shall be powerless,
And after the Fenians of Eire.

Upon hearing the mournful words of Fionn,
His spirit darted out of Oseur :
He stretched down both his arms,
And closed his beauteous eye.

There was not of the Fenians over him
Except myself and Fionn,
But gave utterance to three sorrowful cries
Which were heard through Eire a second time.

Fionn turned his back to us
And shed tears in abundance ;
Except for Oseur and for Brau
He never shed tears for any one on earth.

Fionn wept not for his own son,
Nor did he weep even for his brother :
But he wept on seeing my son lie dead,
While all the rest wept for Oseur.

From that day of the battle of Gabhra
We did not speak boldly,
And we passed not either day or night
That we did not breathe deep heavy sighs.

I beseech the king of blissful life,
And do thou too beseech him—Patrick the son of
Calphurn—
That weakness may come upon my voice :
My sorrow to-night is very great."

We have little more to add. We fear, indeed, that we have detained our readers over long ; but we trust that the extracts which we have given will shew that the old poems which formed the basis of Macpherson's work, are not altogether undeserving of our admiration, and we shall be satisfied if what we have written will have the effect of arousing a feeling of love for them, and will even in a slight degree tend to increase the numbers of the Ossianic Society. That Society, we trust, will not slacken in its efforts, but will continue its work until it has given us some large portion of this

which constitutes really the Ballad Poetry of Ireland. We are glad to see that another volume of Fenian poems is promised to be shortly given to us. Another thing which pleases us is that the society has adopted the plan of giving with the originals plain literal translations, and that it does not think fit, under the pretence of giving poetical versions, to clothe these ballads with ornaments which do not properly belong to them. If there is any worth in them, that worth will appear, in spite of the disadvantage arising from the want of rhyme and metre. Where there are long passages which are flat and tedious, it is better that even those passages should be honestly given, than that we should get something which may be very fine, but which is not genuine. Formerly, when such old poems as these were published it was thought necessary to find some person who did what was called translating them, but what was really altering them, so as that they might come up to the editor's notion of what they ought to be. We much prefer the modern plan of fearlessly giving plain, prose translations. They mislead no one, and even, though occasionally we are shocked by exaggerations, and wearied out by tedious dialogues, and useless descriptions, nevertheless enough remains to enable us to understand how it is that these Fenian songs have been so long cherished by our people.

THE GREAT CURLEW.

BY E. L. A. BERWICK.

For years—seven long years and more—Shanagolden had lost sight of one of its inhabitants, in the person of Dick Dermody, who had left it in a sudden fit of passion because Aby O'Leary had refused him his only daughter to wife. Aby, although a poor man, was a prudent one, and from the first had scouted the notion of giving his Ellen to Dick, for Dick had an evil reputation, and to say the truth, even his own grandmother, who had reared him from the death of his parents, was ashamed of him. If not positively vicious, he was at least next door to it, and although not actually branded with crime, his was just the sort of temperament that, under strong temptation, inevitably leads to it. He had managed to pick up a smattering of learning at old Martin Farrell's hedge-school, but the rule of three and English grammar had proved too much for him, and although Martin acknowledged that Dick "had it in him" if he liked, the difficulty was to get it out. At the same time, Dick had qualities which made him more popular in general society than steadier men. Like Nelson, "he never saw fear," and laughed at the phantom as he did at the idea of a ghost ; he was a crack shot, a first-rate fisher, and could handle an alpeen so well, that faction fighters travelled long journeys in order to engage him on their side. A true-hearted fellow also was Dick, and would sooner have lost his life than have betrayed the woman that loved or the friend that trusted him. Neither, odd enough, was he

a drunkard, a gambler, or a liar; drink he abhorred, for he said it made a man a beast; gambling he detested, for he said it made a man a fool, and to be a liar and a coward with Dick, was one and the same thing. His great faults, indeed, were an invincible dislike to any sort of useful labour, coupled with a perpetual yearning to be something, which, with his present prospects, he never could be. His grandmother was the possessor of a small freehold, and could do little for him, save to give him good advice, which was given so harshly that it generally drove him from the house, and once out of her sight, he had no lack of loose companions, who were quite as willing to lead him into "fun" as he was to follow.

In this wild and worthless sort of way, he managed to scramble on until he was in his one-and-twentieth year. But long enough before this, he had fallen head and ears in love with Ellen O'Leary, and Ellen O'Leary with him. How it came to pass that one so mild, so industrious, so virtuous and so remarkable for quiet womanly virtues of all sorts, as Ellen, should own companionship with so wild and untamed a spirit, no one could tell; but so it was, and so, in the world, it often is. As in chemistry, we often find an alkali added to an acid to form a mild neutral compound, so is it in marriage, now and then. The mild-minded husband selects a strong-minded wife, and *vice versa*. Each, it is to be supposed, neutralizes the other; the constant association with an opposite does good to both; the wild husband is rebuked by the suffering eye of the woman he loves, and becomes a better man. The careless, petulant, high-spirited, and over-indulged girl, toned down (if she be wise) her superfluous wealth of vitality, and guided by the reasonable example of her partner, subsides into a loving mother, and an easy-tempered wife. It is nature's law, and nature never does any thing without having a useful object of her own in view.

This theory of ours did not suit honest Aby O'Leary, however. When Dick Dermody demanded of him his daughter's hand, Aby was more astonished at his presumption than pleased with the victory of Ellen, and plainly told him, that until he became a better and a much wiser man, there was no hope for him. Foiled by the father, the hopeful lover resorted to the daughter, and suggested a secret marriage, on the principle that as "what is done cannot be undone," Aby would forgive them when the act became irrevocable.

But Ellen, like her father, was immovable. She made no scruple of telling her lover that she loved him with all the tenderness and force of a first and engrossing love; but she would not break the commandments of God by disobeying her father, for all that. An undutiful daughter seldom makes a good wife, she told him, and although she vowed to him that she never would marry another man than him, still, that when she stood beside him at the altar, it must be with the consent of and in the presence of those whom she was bound to obey.

Hot, fiery, and impulsive, Dick smarted too much under his second defeat to control his speech. He said

more than he ought, and when the spirited girl rebuked him for his inconsiderate language; he showered accusations on her, and quitted her presence—determined, as he said, never to see her more.

Apparently, he was as good as his word. The next morning Dick Dermody was gone. Some said he would return—poor Ellen hoped so too—but he never did, and gradually his name died out, and for years nothing had been heard of or from him—not a word.

Seven years, although a long time to look forward to, is a mere speck on the ocean of time when we regard it with a backward glance. But in its transit, it bears with it into eternity many a goodly bark, and unroofs many a noble dwelling, taking with it the strong hearts which directed the movements of the one, and made the pride of the other. Such transmutations were as visible in Shanagolden as everywhere else. Dick Dermody's relative was dead; so was Aby O'Leary, whose widow and daughter still lived and battled with fortune, which threatened to baffle them in the end. Their landlord was a middleman, the hardest of his class, although, singular to say, there was a single green spot in his somewhat withered and stale heart which no one gave him credit for. It was the wonder of the world to hear that old Bob Morris had allowed the widow O'Leary's rent to get into arrears, and, still more, that he continued with her on just as friendly terms as before. But what to the world in general seemed a miracle, to the widow and Ellen was none. He had chosen to do what Dick Dermody had done many a year before, and had fallen in love with the girl, who might well have been his daughter, at the least. The old fellow battled with his feelings for a long time, but they conquered him at last; and foreseeing that he might convert the woman of his choice into a nurse, a housekeeper, and a wife, while the farm occupied by her and her mother might be turned to more profitable account, he compromised with his avarice, and thought it by no means a bad bargain, as he meant it should turn out.

Thus thinking he proposed. Who can tell the suffering and sorrow this judicious measure of his was attended with? Dick might be forgotten by the world, but his memory still filled every crevice in Ellen's heart. It had refused many for his sake; it had mourned over his silence; it had hoped long for his return; his image was before and around her wherever she went, and to be faithless to the young dream of her early life was something which had never even crossed her imagination. But this was her own secret, and, poor girl! she had kept it well. No one knew how dearly it was cherished, and, of course, Bob Morris was as ignorant as the rest. He pressed his suit, therefore, as old men bent on riding their hobby will, and although honestly told by Ellen that she never could regard him with affection, he still persisted that she should try. Had she been alone in the world, she would have been peremptory in rejecting him, but she looked at her aged mother, and felt that to make him a foe would be to deprive that mother of a home, and she knew the man with whom she had to deal too well to doubt that he would

vent his displeasure in the harshest possible way. Besides, she had her mother's arguments to contend with as well. Mrs O'Leary looked at the prudent rather than the romantic side of life. She owned that Bob Morris was old and disagreeable—a miserable creature whose wealth alone made him respectable; but then he could not live always, for he had a bad cough, and was getting thinner and thinner every day; although, miserable and ailing as he was, they were absolutely in his power, and the only alternative which poverty had left them, was for her to become his wife or his victim—to preside as mistress of his meagre household, or to wander forth beggars without a place wherein to lay their weary heads.

It took months to do it, but at last the daughter yielded. Another half-year's rent was due, and disease had been amongst their cattle, which left them powerless to pay. The old lover pressed for something more tangible than words, and, at last, the crowning words, "I will," were heard to falter from Ellen's lips, although from that moment she was seen to smile no more.

It was arranged that the marriage should take place in a fortnight, for the aged innamorato was impatient, as he had parted with his ancient maid of all work, who called him "an old fool," and left him in a fit, and he was resolved not to hire another, since between his wife and his wife's mother, there was a surplus of bone, blood and sinew, to do all that was to be done. Mrs. O'Leary's farm and diminished stock were to be given up to him for "the arrears," and mother and daughter were henceforth to live with him.

On a certain day, about a week before the marriage, he called at Mrs. O'Leary's cottage, which had but one storey, to make arrangements, and to take an accurate inventory of the stock. He always expected "a lunch" (which he converted into a dinner) should be laid for him on these occasions, and having partaken of it now, he announced his intention to walk out into the grounds, and see what they contained, politely assuring Mrs. O'Leary that there was no necessity for her accompanying him, and stating that she need not remove the decanter, as he would take a little more spirits and water (cold) when he came back. He was in tip-top spirits himself, and joyously chucked Ellen under the chin as he left the room.

Poor Ellen, on the contrary, sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands; seeing which, her mother went to her, laid her head upon her breast, and poured such consolatory sentences as she could muster into her unheeding ear.

"Ellen!"

The sound was low, but the young girl rose to her feet, and listened nervously—anxiously—ghastly pale.

"Are you there, Ellen?"

Again! The voice came from the window that looked into the garden, and in another moment, as if impatient at not being answered, a man passed his leg over the half window and jumped lightly on the floor.

He was a man of middle height; compactly and firmly made, with pleasant features, fine teeth, a fearless

blue eye, and a profusion of whisker and hair. His dress was that of a gentleman, and in his hand he held a heavy whip. When he advanced into the room, he removed his hat and laughed a short laugh, when he saw the start which Ellen gave on seeing him without it.

"I see I need not announce myself, after all," he said, going to her side and taking her passive hand; "where the heart is there will the memory be, Nelly; I should have known *you* amongst a thousand—aye, amongst a thousand thousand, and hard as you were on me at our last meeting this very day seven years, I see you have not forgotten me yet."

He wound his arms round her, and for a moment she yielded to his embrace.

"Oh! Dick, Dick!" she said, at last, retreating from him, "why did you not come sooner, or why did you come at all?"

"It is a long story," he said, "and I have hardly time to tell it now."

"But you can account for your silence?" said Mrs. O'Leary, with whom Dick had always been a favourite.

"Not a bit changed," he said, taking the mother as lovingly round the waist as he had before done the daughter; "just the same kind look that used to excuse me to others and make me hate myself. Account for my silence!" he went on, releasing her, after a hearty salute; "its part of my story, and I couldn't account for the one without telling the other. Some time or other you shall know all."

"It is—too late," sighed Ellen.

Too late, is it?" he answered; "and what am I to think of that?"

She hung her head.

"Don't be afraid to answer me, Ellen," he went on, in a certain off-hand tone and manner that seemed to be natural to him, touched by a tender earnestness also, which had its effect. "I know more about you than you give me credit for, and it is this knowledge that has brought me here at some risk to myself. I have had a project in my head for some time, but it required money to carry it out, and until I could gain that I thought that you and I would be better apart. Well, by hook or by crook, I have got what I wanted and longed for, and as I have done so, I came here to ask you to fulfil the promise you made to me long ago; in short, to take me as I stand, with a loving heart and a tolerably long purse—to fling Bob Morris and his proposals to the—whew! and to come with me—you and your mother, to another far-off country, which can hardly treat you worse than your own, at any rate."

"You—you have heard, then—"

"To be sure I have," he interposed, laughingly. "Don't I know that the old scarecrow wants to make you portion of the arrears, and to put you in with the rest of the stock, as part of the hanging gale. Confound his impudence!"

"Hush! Dick, he is now in the yard without, and remember we are in his power—"

"It's well you remembered it in time, ma'am," said

a voice from the door, which was followed by Bob's entrance into the room; "and as this gentleman seems to know who I am and all about me, I beg leave to say—"

"Don't say it," broke in Dick, looking at the whip which he had flung on the table; "you can say nothing good about yourself that I could believe, and nothing bad that I didn't hear before. Don't now—don't answer me, for all you could tell me or any one is that you are a heartless old curmudgeon, who deserves to be beaten to a jelly, although, except on strong provocation, it would be a pity to waste either anger or whip-cord on you. How much do you owe him, Mrs. O'Leary?"

"An awful sum," she said trembling. "Over forty pounds."

"And you call that awful, do you?" Dick said, taking out a pocket-book from his breast pocket.

"Forty five pounds, thirteen, and—and costs," put in Bob, who prudently pocketed the insults given him by the determined-looking customer he had to deal with.

"Costs! that is, you charge the widow and the fatherless something additional for oppressing them. Be it so; any sum would be well spent in getting rid of you. Give him pen, ink and paper, Mrs. O'Leary, and let him write you a receipt. You shall never leave old Ireland without saying that you owed a shilling to no man. Don't now," he said again, perceiving that Bob was about to speak. "I have an unlucky right hand that always longs to handle a thong when fellows of your sort come in my way, and if I once begin, it's not to-day or to-morrow you'll be wishing you hadn't provoked me to it. Thank you, Ellen—here's a fifty-pound note, and when he has written you a receipt in full, let him have it, but not until then."

Terrified into silence, Bob slunk to the table, and began to fumble in his pocket for a stamp sufficient to cover the sum he was about to receive, while Mrs. O'Leary and Ellen, equally overcome by the sudden appearance and off-hand generosity of Dick Dermody, looked helplessly on. Dick himself fixed his eye on the miser, and smiled when he saw him place his huge spectacles on his nose.

For a few moments nothing was heard but the tremulous scrape of the old man's pen, as he wrote out the receipt, referring to a variety of documents which he took from his pocket, to help him on.

Suddenly, however, Dick's careless air vanished, and he became intensely attentive. From without the window, in the direction of the garden, a whistle, exactly resembling the melancholy whistle of the curlew, was heard. It was repeated a second time, and again a third, and then was heard no more. Still the scrape of Bob's pen went on, and his whole soul was engrossed in the act he was doing. Dick, when the third whistle was heard, drew Ellen apart, and whispered to her in a low but perfectly firm voice,

"There is danger in the wind, Nelly, and it must be near and great, or my pet curlew would not warn me

so often. I am prepared for it, however, and with your assistance, I shall manage to put them on the wrong scent, and leave them in the lurch. Whose room is this to the right?"

"My mother's."

"I remember. It looks into the breen, good. Come with me a moment, and you shall hear all. Don't tremble, darling girl; we'll live and die together yet."

He disappeared, and she, after him, telling her mother she would be back immediately.

Bob was still too much engaged with his penmanship to pay attention to this by-play, and worked away, counting up his "costs out of pocket" to the last farthing, in order to make the sum total as near to the fifty-pound note as he could manage to make it, for the note lay on the table where Ellen had laid it down.

Before he had quite finished it, however, a rough hand was laid to the latch of the hall-door of the cottage, which was unceremoniously thrown open, and in a moment the room was filled with armed men, the foremost of whom was well known both to Bob and the widow, as Captain Despard, an active magistrate and very resolute man.

The Captain looked round the apartment, and then nodded to Bob, while he addressed Mrs. O'Leary by name.

"You have had visitors this morning, I think, Mrs. O'Leary," he said, "and I am anxious to pay my respects to one of them, so you will be good enough to tell me where he is to be found, or in what quarter I am to look for him?"

Mrs. O'Leary thought for a moment, and then said that she could not answer his question until he would be pleased to explain himself.

"My good friend," said the Captain, "you will only get yourself into trouble by trying to play the double game with me. You know as well as I do that the Captain—Captain Daly—the 'Curlew' his friends call him, I mean, entered this house and is still on the premises, unless he has vanished in smoke."

"There was no person bearing the names you mention, sir, was in this house to-day, to my knowledge," replied the widow.

"Come now, think again, and don't get yourself into a scrape by aiding and abetting such a scapegrace to get the better of justice as he has done many a time before," said the Captain threateningly. "There is a reward out for him of two or three hundred pounds, and you shall go snacks!—honor bright—if you'll give us any trifle of information that may help us."

Bob pricked up his ears, and moved nearer Captain Despard.

"I suppose," he said, "that any one who would tell you where the Curlew is—I thought he must be a villain by his talk—would be entitled to a good slice—say half—of the reward."

"There and thereabout," was the answer.

"You—you guarantee that?" demanded Bob, earnestly.

"Freely," replied Despard. "Half the reward, and

the honor and glory of catching so renowned a vagabond will be amply sufficient for me. Now then, speak, Mr. Morris, and tell us where I may make my best bow to him."

"My advice to you would be to—try *that* room," answered Bob, pointing to that by which Dick and Ellen had gone a few moments before.

"The game's up with the scoundrel," said Bob to himself, as the Captain dashed at the door; "but bad as he is, his bank-note may be just as good as if he were an honest man," so saying, he took it from the table, crumpled it in his hand, and quietly inured it in his deep breeches pocket, retaining the receipt also until he could clearly see how matters might turn out.

Meanwhile, Captain Despard found an obstacle in the way, for the chamber-door was locked from the inside, and withstood his best efforts to open it.

"My advice to you," again quoth Bob, "would be to try a sledge-hammer, Captain, and to stand clear and let your constables do it, for a stray bullet might rob you both of gold and glory."

"I will ask no man to do what I am afraid to do myself," said the spirited Captain, "so look about men, for a rammer, and we'll unearth the Curlew and clip his wings for him."

It took five minutes or more to find an instrument large enough for their purpose, and five minutes more before the door, which was a stout one, yielded. It did so at last, however, and the Captain burst into it, and in a moment returned, with Ellen O'Leary in his grasp.

"Either you or this girl have deceived me," he said, addressing Bob, "for I found nothing worse in that chamber than herself."

"If she hadn't a comrade, would she have kept you so long at the door?" asked the astute Bob, with a grin. "I will swear ten thousand oaths that when she left this place, she was accompanied by a fellow who had a face only fit for the gallows, and she dare not deny it. Question her before me."

"It is unnecessary," said Ellen, composedly. "If blood-money is to be earned, it must be by Mr. Morris alone. I will own to or disown nothing."

"Then we lose time and must try other means," said the Captain, desiring his attendants to follow him as he prepared to leave the house.

At this moment, however, a new incident occurred. A scuffle and then a horrible howl was heard from without, and before the Captain could demand the cause of the noise, two of his retainers entered his presence, dragging in, by main force, a ragged-looking *spalpeen*, whose face and clothes—such as he had—were covered with mud and dust, and who bellowed with the voice of a bull to be "let go."

"Who is the fellow, and out of what bog-hole have you dragged him, Heffernan?" demanded the Captain of his subordinate.

"Who am I, is it?" howled the captive, in a voice of a sick raven who was in anger and grief as well. "Amn't I Billy Mulally that lives in the valley, and

wasn't I going home as peaceable as a sky-lark dropping into her nest, when they laid hault of me. Look at my elegant Sunday shute how they flittered it, and my brau new hat that I bought not above three years ago, in what jopardy they left it."

Again he yelled, and in wiping away his tears with the cuff of his coat, left fresh layers of "clauber" on his cheeks.

"Where did you find him?" again demanded the Captain.

"We found him hid in the shrubbery yonder, your honor, Captin'," answered Heffernan, putting his hand to his forehead by way of military salute, "and I'm sure and certain he belongs to the Curlews, seeing as how the great Curlew himself rode away from among the trees, on that femous black mare of his."

"You hear what Heffernan says of you, Mr. Mulally?" said the Captain.

"I heard every syllable, yer honor," was the answer, "but how can I help his telling bounce rs when he has nothing like a conscience to stop him? I'm not answerable for every fellow with a lying tongue in his head. How will I ever get the crown into my darling caubeen again? Or the dirt off my clothes!" and again he broke into blubbering lamentation.

"Then the prime bird has got off, has he?" questioned the Captain.

"Couldn't stop him no ways, yer honor, Captin'," said Mr. Heffernan; "cause why, his mare bates the wind, and could hardly be overtook with a flash of lightning. They say, he wouldn't give her for mines of dimonds."

"Gone! Then this gentleman must tell us whither," said the Captain. "Hark you, my friend; what rank may you hold among the Curlews?"

"Many a one of 'em I shot, Captin', yer honor," said Billy, a little assuaged in his grief, but still as filthy as ever. "For a curlew, whether white or black, carries tin pince on her back."

"Oh! you don't understand me, I see," pursued the Captain. "Well then, you have a slight acquaintance with the celebrated Captain Daly, I presume?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir," replied Billy; "though I know plenty of the name—lashins. Tom Daly and me was cronies from boys out, and the last pig ever he sowld in a fair, it was me got three pounds for him; and Biddy Daly—but she wasn't a man—was the best hand at a jig that ever put a foot on a shutter—so she was, Captin'. I'm in hopes you'll see me ped for my spilation, long life to ye. Into the river I must throw myself, and lie there for an hour or two if I ever hope to be sweet and clane agin."

"We'll sweeten you in another way, and refresh your memory also," said the Captain. "Here, Heffernan, take the scoundrel into the yard, and let him have two or three dozen with a cart-rope, in your best style. Lay on until his recollection returns, and then let me see him agin."

"Oh Captin'!—Oh Gineral! Oh gentlemin jewels all round, what are you going to do with me?" said

Billy, in an agony of terror. "Don't lay hands on me, sir, if its plasing to yon, for I'll only dirty you, and if you were to skelp the seven senses out of me—"

"Take him off and don't spare the rope on him," thundered the Captain.

"Howld, Capting—howld hard a minnte, Mr. Heffering," whined the victim, "till I spake a word to your shuparior, who asked me questions it wasn't convanient to answer a while agone, tho' maybe I can't do so now—for my skiu's tender and I'm not used to be whipped like a mad-dog."

"Go on then, what have you to say?"

"About"—here he looked round and spoke low.

"About the—but what's the use of my saving my bacon?" he apostrophized, partly to himself, "sure its digging my own grave and making my own coffin I'll be if I turn stag on him. Oh Capting darling! spare me the disgrace, and send me away with a whole skin and a dirty pair of breeches!"

He dropped on his knees and put up his hands in supplication

"Quite impossible, my excellent friend," said Despard. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you. Tell me exactly where to find Captain Daly, the Great Curlew, and I'll give you ten pounds—here it is—whereas if you keep your knowledge to yourself, I can answer that Heffernan will leave your skin as ragged as your garments."

Billy looked piteously around, but sympathy there was none. "Well, then," he said at last, "if you want to look for him—but you'll kill him if you see him with your pistols and carabines—"

"Not a hair of his head shall be touched by us, I give you my honor," said Captain Despard.

"And where in the world am I to run for my life when I sell the pass on him, without a penny in my pocket?" queried the traitor.

"Ten pounds will enable you to get the start of your ill wishers, and the world is wide," answered Despard.

"But I—I never handled the note yet, sir," said the treacherous Billy, with a keen eye to the main chance.

"You may handle it now and keep it if you like," said the encouraging Captain, "with the understanding, however, that if you lead us astray, I will replace it with an ounce of lead. Here it is."

Billy looked at it, turned it round, gloated on it, and finally put it in some secret place near his heart.

"Ten pounds!" he said. "Who'd ever think I'd handle such a mountain of money! I'll go to Paris or France, or Dublin or Amer—"

"Keep that to yourself and earn your money," said Despard. After again looking round, Billy began, sighing deeply as he did so.

"Does it lie within your knowledge, sir—Capting dear—to be acquainted with the hill of Mugamore?"

Despard nodded.

"And the valley that lies betune it, and Monyandrew?"

"Where the lake is? I know the place," said Despard.

"Lord forgive me for my evil speaking," said Billy, shivering and speaking huskily, "but it's on the off-side of that very lake the—the *Great Curlew* has his nest. And now it's out," he went on, relapsing into tears, "will I ever forgive myself this blessed and holy day? Can I ever hope for a day's luck or a day's grace after it?"

"You have earned ten pound by it—too much by half," put in Bob Morris.

"Maybe so, sir—maybe so," whined Billy; "It's easy for you to speak, for maybe you're doing dirty actions every day in the week, but I—"

"How many men has the Captain with him?" broke in the impatient Captain.

"Not a one sir, then, except myself, and I—I'll never be next or nigh him during secla sekelorum any more," groaned the traitor.

"Take care what you say, my fine fellow," said Despard. "We know the Curlews are a strong gang."

"They are, then, sir, long life to them," answered Billy, "but the Curlew himself only uses the nest for a start, when he's hard pressed, and has made other parts too hot to hould him."

Billy stuck to his text, and gradually relaxing from his extreme remorse of conscience, gave Captain Despard full ten pounds worth of information regarding the haunts and associates of the Great Curlew. He accounted for the absence of the minor Curlews in the most natural manner; and although he professed not to know what brought the Captain into that part of the country at all, still he could not parry the fact that it was the renowned freebooter, Captain Daly, alias the Great Curlew, who had stood in that very room, and escaped from that very house. To this point of his admissions he was pinned by the corroborative evidence of Bob Morris, who had seen the man, and who detailed his features and general appearance with an accuracy which perfectly agreed with the account given of him in the hue and cry.

It is to be remarked that when Ellen O'Leary had entered the room the last time, she had found an opportunity of whispering a few words to her mother, and that from that time, neither of them had ever uttered a word, although when Billy Mulally was dragged before the Captain, Ellen had turned very pale, indeed, which she had not previously done.

Meanwhile, the active magistrate was not long in taking such measures as he deemed fit. The "Curlew's nest" spoken of, was imbedded in mountains about eleven or twelve miles off; but as the day was yet young, the place might be easily reached before sunset. It was of the utmost consequence that the pursuit should be followed up while the scent was strong, and that the freebooter should be taken unawares. He had arranged, according to his treacherous henchman's showing, to await his return to the nest, leaving it to Billy's dexterity to glean such morsels of information as he could pick up by lurking about for a few hours,

With all Billy's cunning, however, he failed to get out of Despard or his men the name of the "private informant," who had given them the hints which had been so nearly fatal to the Great Curlew—perhaps it was well for such informant that the officials kept the secret of his name so well.

Two or three cars—his own amongst the rest—were procured for transporting the party to the lake, and a sort of front guard, in the shape of five or six constables—there were no Peelers in these early days—was despatched before, in two's and three's, with directions to have their eyes about them, and to muster at a certain spot.

As Bob Morris had seen the freebooter, Captain Despard determined to take that gentleman with him, in order to identify the Curlew, for fear of mistake; and as Mrs. O'Leary and her daughter were involved in the matter, he was furthermore resolved that they should accompany him also, as, for the present, they were to be looked upon as prisoners, having aided and abetted the escape of a thief.

To this arrangement, the widow and Ellen submitted with a good grace. But with Bob it was otherwise. He had the Great Curlew's note in his pocket, and he had no wish for any further acquaintance with so desperate a character, of whose exploits and daring all Ireland had been hearing for years. He had other sums in post bills about him also; and although he had considerable confidence in Captain Despard's bravery and generalship, still his heart misgave him, and nothing less than the prospect of sharing the reward for the Curlew's capture, would have consoled him for the journey he was compelled to take.

As soon as possible the fleet got under weigh, the Captain on the foremost car, on the other side of which Billy Mulally sat, with a constable on either side armed to the teeth.

It was near sunset when they descended the mountain, which almost shadowed the lake, on whose bosom the sunbeams were still lingering, as if grieving to leave so cool and placid a resting place. They had to leave their vehicles at the foot of the hill, as only a narrow broken path wound round it, and the cave called "The Curlew's Nest" was on the further side. It was to be seen, however, from different points, its dark and formidable mouth yawning wide enough to permit the ingress of half a dozen men abreast.

By Bill's advice the direct approach was avoided, and leaving the women behind, guarded by a constable, they clambered among the rocks, and dropped suddenly down upon the narrow frontage or esplanade from which the nest was entered from without.

As yet, not a trace of the freebooter had been seen. All was as still as the utter absence of sound could make it, when suddenly from within the recesses of the cave, the strong neigh of a horse was heard.

"It's Aileen, capting dear," whispered Bill in a tremulous voice, "and the Curlew himself isn't far from her side. He's dead asleep this minute, for he goes to roost at sun down, like other birds of his kind. So I'll tell

you what I'll do; I'll treat him to a whistle of my own that he's used to, and then you'll have nothing to do when he walks out here, but to take him back with you quietly."

He placed his fingers between his teeth, and whistled so loud and so shrill, that the echoes resounded far and near. At the same instant, almost, he made a rush past the captain, and in a moment was lost in the darkness beyond.

Before Captain Despard could recover his surprise at his manœuvre, a fresh spectacle awaited him. Above the nest, and around the nest, and behind them and beside them, armed men seemed to spring up like mushrooms, in such overpowering numbers, that to fight would be folly, and to retreat impossible. Every man of them carried a gun, but forebore to use it until further commands were given them. After a short pause, two young fellows leaped lightly from the rock above the cave, and stood before the discomfited magistrate.

"You're welcome to the nest, captain," said one of them, in a perfectly good-humoured tone, "and unless you're not agreeable, you'll find that the Curlews won't be behind hand giving a *cead mille a falлах* to yourself and your regiment. It's a pity you didn't bring more of 'em that we might knock up a shindy, and show you what the Curlews are made of. As your guns and pistols are useless to you for the present, I'll trouble you just to hand them over to us, and you may be sure we'll make a good use of them, and that they shan't rust while they are in our keeping."

Captain Despard had no alternative but to submit to be disarmed, for there were at least thirty or forty bold, resolute fellows opposed to him, and he knew his own force too well to trust them in so desperate a cause. He gave up his pistols, therefore, to the young fellow who acted as lieutenant to the Great Curlew, and the remainder of his force followed his example.

"And now, sir," said Despard, "that your leader's stratagem has succeeded, I suppose I am at liberty to depart?"

"That is altogether a matter for the captain to settle," said the lieutenant; "I don't think he's the man to take so much trouble to get you to pay him a visit without making you pay your footing in some way or other, either in meat or in malt. But here he is himself, long life to him; and he'll tell you the ins and outs of it in no time."

Captain Despard turned round sharp at this invitation, and at his elbow stood no less a person than Billy Mulally himself, in a different aspect, and in a better dress. His face and hands were washed clean, his red wig had been replaced with a black one; he wore a green coat, and sported top-boots, and in short, the transformation was so complete, that it was only by his voice, and afterwards by his own acknowledgement of the *ruse*, Captain Despard could at all recognise him.

"You see, capting dear," said the Curlew, still imitating Billy, "that I did my best to earn your tin pounds. There is the Curlew's Nest, and here fornint you is the

whole flock, and as to myself, why, for want of a better, you must look upon me as the Great Curlew of all, of all."

"I own, sir, that you have been too clever for me," said the discomfited magistrate, "and I suppose, like all fools, I must pay the penalty of my folly. I am quite prepared to do so in any shape you please, although, as the poor fellows whom I have led into a snare have only done their duty, I hope that whatever my fate may be, you will have some consideration for them."

"Not a hair of their heads shall be touched," said the outlaw, in his natural free-and-easy manner, "nor of yours either, captain. I am quite content to shirk the hangman myself, without exposing even those who destined me for his tender mercies to a like extremity. Bring up your prisoners, Thady, and let us see how many birds we have got in our net."

"Yours is a desperate trade, Captain Daly," said Despard, when the lieutenant had gone to do his chief's bidding, "and although you have succeeded in baffling justice for the present, I would advise you to try an honest course, if you mean to continue safe."

"The difficulty, you see, captain," said the bold Curlew, "is to find an honest profession than my own. Say that I turn soldier, I shall be bound to shoot down young and old—poor and rich—to turn cities into ruins, and churches into canteens, at the command of my superior, for my shilling a day, living on plunder when I can get it, and upon all sorts of devilment when I have nothing to do. Say that I turn doctor, what is that but killing made easy in a legalised way? I go to my patients not to save their lives but to earn their fees, and if they have small complaints, I am bound to convert them into big ones, in order that I may ride in my coach by day and drink my claret when my work is done. As to the law, put me in the dock to-morrow, and there's not a lawyer at the bar that won't call God to witness, with tears in his eyes, that I am as innocent as the child unborn, and that any jury that would convict me, need never think of laying their heads on their pillows with an easy conscience more; always supposing, that my purse is long enough to pay him in proportion to the exertion he makes, that is, to the number of lies he can cram down the public throat. No, no, captain, the difference between those gentry and me is, that they have law and order to protect them in their juggling, and that I am bold enough to do without it, and so have set up for myself."

The prisoners were paraded before the Great Curlew, and the first of them he noticed was the shrinking Bob Morris.

"Soh! Mr. Morris," said the freebooter, "you have a fancy for getting others into scrapes; now how do you feel that you are in one yourself?"

"I am a poor, miserable man, sir," said Bob, "not worth your anger, and if you will only believe me, I never intended the least harm to you."

"See what money he has about him, Thady," directed Daly; "it strikes me that you'll find a fifty-pound note of mine in his purse."

"I won't—I won't be robbed of my little savings, I

tell you," shouted Bob in desperation, as they laid hands on him. "I won't part with it; I'll sooner die first."

"Let him have his way, then," said the good-natured Curlew; "strip him to the skin, and toss him into the lake, boys; his own evil deeds will soon sink him to the bottom."

Thus gently stimulated, the miser submitted to be rifled, and his pocket-book was handed to the chief.

"Aye, here is my note, sure enough," said the freebooter, putting it into his pocket, "and here is your receipt in full, Mrs. O'Leary, which I make you a present of. The rest I give to you, Thady, to be put in the common purse, as the Curlews can't be expected to work for nothing, and a fair day's labour deserves a fair day's pay."

The lieutenant received Bob's treasure with a duck and a grin.

"I suppose, sir, you will hold me at ransom, also," said Despard. "I have not much money about me—"

"Don't mention it," interrupted Daly. "Keep it in your purse, captain, it will serve to pay your doctor's bill. I am sorry to say that I must detain you and your men here for a few days; but Thady and Mick will make your stay as pleasant as possible. Here is grouse on the mountain, and fish in the lake, and if you like to swim in the real mountain dew, you have only to say so, and the bath is ready. I wouldn't require even this much, only that I have a journey before me, and, for fear of accidents, I should like to be well off the coast before my last trick is found out. No objections, if you please, for while I am here, I must be obeyed."

"And what is to become of your female prisoners?" asked Despard.

"That is my own affair, captain," said Daly, "although I do not scruple to promise you that they shall be quite as well off in my safe keeping as in yours."

As he spoke he advanced to where Ellen stood, and after a whispered conversation of a few minutes, they both followed him into the cave, and from that hour forward, Captain Despard never saw them more.

For full six days after this remarkable one, Captain Despard and his staff, supplemented by Bob Morris and a couple of car drivers, were rigidly confined within the valley, and watched by the Curlews. What became of their leader no one appeared to know or chose to say. He had vanished from the scene, and had taken both Ellen O'Leary and her mother along with him. At the commencement of the seventh day, the captain, on going forth from the nest, found that his guard was gone. There was not a Curlew to be seen. In their place, however, a strong body of troops, sent out specially to look for him and his missing party, occupied the glen, and from their officer he learned that he was free, and that the outlaws had made good their retreat during the night.

What became of their principal no one ever heard, but from that day forward, the GREAT CURLEW was never more seen or heard of on Irish ground.

THE LAY OF THE LOST MINSTRELS.

PART I.

THE struggles, heart and head, that make
The battle for preferment.
So well are known throughout the land,
They need not my averment.
Yet, fain would I a story tell
Of ups, and downs, and crosses,
Would frighten all the gentler souls,
Who count not gains or losses.

From London town I bent my way,
With Thespian saints and sinners;
Rejoic'd to think this roving trade
At least would bring me dinners.
Of tenor bold our troupe was form'd,
And next a fair soprano;
With "comic man," and one who show'd
His airs on the piano.

The captain of our motley crew
Was shrewd and bold and wily;
And, though too prone his lips to wet,
He reason'd well and dryly.
The selfsame wight was comic man—
A stage-struck, droll, young party;
Who gave his time to quips and cranks,
And jokes more weak than hearty.

He started from his smiling home,
In spite of worldly scoffers;
And vow'd that 'gainst the ills of fate,
He'd amply stock his coffers.
No doubt, he drew, as best he could,
On Hope as well as banker;
And, as the former kept no books,
Good cause had he to thank her.

And next came one of portly gait,
With mechanistic measures—
His only task to "fit" the scene,
And guard the artists' treasures.
Though fond of "sips" and goodly fare,
No shot was in his locker;
But haply, friends he found whose store
Was "right up to the knocker."

To "manage" was my dreary lot,
Described in bills as "acting";
And ne'er was part by man sustain'd
More thankless or exacting.
How hard so'er I strove to please,
By word, or deed, or letters,
The singers said, in vengeful mood,
I did not know my "betters."

And thus began this bold campaign,
All doubt our bosoms spurning—
O'erjoy'd to think the golden age
To us was fast returning.
In Sheffield town we first appeared,
Our brightest hopes revealing;
The times were hard, but yet the "blades"
Came gently o'er us stealing.

Though Fortune smil'd, the ruthless *Belle*
The changes quick was ringing;
While folks around us scatter'd praise,
Our hosts their bills were bringing.

* A favourite phrase of his, intended to express, in the vernacular of a stage carpenter, "quite up to the mark!"

To clothe the troupe and feed them too,
Was labour so excessive,
That claimants soon our progress check'd,
By war the most aggressive.

From town to town we quickly sped,
More giving than receiving;
And soon we found the captain's "bank"
Was broken past retrieving.
That bank was one on which we placed
Our full and stern reliance;
And felt we might, with well-fill'd cheques,
Bid ruthless fate defiance.

Despite the clouds which dimm'd our way,
Our hopes were still resplendent;
For critics said that "stars" like ours
Must shine in the ascendant.
But some there were who rashly thought,
Ere we received a fraction,
Our duty was to pay the "costs"
Which help'd our joint attraction.

And thus beset with woes that led
Well nigh to our prostration,
We journey'd on till railway guards
Delay'd us at the station.
So low they found our funds reduc'd,
Those cunning steam-fed foxes—
They seized our dresses, "traps" and scenes,
And took our private boxes.

'Twere better far had this occurred
On British ground theatric;
But now we trod the sister land,
Whose patron saint is Patrick.
"I fear," the gallant captain cried,
"We soon shall know what 'quod' is;
For if our way we cannot pay,
The law will have our bodies."

"We must move on," the tenor sang,
In terms more bold than guarded;
"In yonder town our well-known names
Are on the walls placarded."
The bell was rung, the steam was up;
The guard had well-nigh started—
"One half the lot may come," he cried;
And hence in two we parted.

To tell the ills that chanced that night,
No language can I borrow;
For 'mid the "lot" my lot it was
To wait until the morrow.
Suffice it that in such a strait,
Our artists' wreck was certain,—
A storm around them quickly rose,
Ere they drew up the curtain.

And all this while, our lady fair
Her moisten'd cheek was wiping;
A sight the tenor did not heed,
For he was always *pip*ing.
At concert pitch he vainly strove
To calm the troubled waters;
Until at length a lull was gained
By Erin's lovely daughters.

Next day once more in union met
The "parts" that were divided;
For cash to those who stay'd behind
Came, by the gods provided.
But soon we found the fact disclosed—
Our little barque was stranded,
For angry winds ne'er ceased to blow,
Since on the coast we landed.

PART II.

And now to words each party came,
Accounts were to be settled;
The tenor's voice rose high with wrath;
The captain too, was nettled.
His comic vein was like to burst
With honest indignation;
"His books would show"—but they, alas!
Were at the railway station!

Piano here approached the scene,
Profound, and calm, and steady;
"To fight for right" 'gainst roaring might,
His arm was always ready."
He reckon'd thus without his host,
A truth I fain would stifle;
In battle strife he could not fight,—
The station held his rifle!

Revengeful foe was this our friend,
And much more firm than fickle;
But still the fact he did not own,
He had a "rod in pickle."
In sooth 'twas so, for much inclined
This genius was to angling;
But, harsh decree! his fishing rod
Was with his rifle dangling.

Such cares as these, and many more,
Our anger could not smother;
Small blame, methinks, had been expressed
If one had slain another.
In vain we strove a chord to strike,
Which might be call'd harmonious,
Each talk'd as if his hapless mates
Had something done felonious.

O, had stern Fate but lent me pow'r
To deal in moral preaching,
From non-success I fain would draw
A moral worth the teaching!
A goodly tribe we left our homes,
Each arm'd with best intentions;
Our gains were small, and—every voice
Was tuned to harsh dissensions.

Of civil war this luckless tour
Would be a fit example;—
Oppose a friend whose conscience bleeds,
And on your head he'll trample.
But hark! a sound "not loud but deep"
Assails our wounded senses;
A railway missive comes to say
We trade on false pretences!

To meet this charge and clear the way
To less disturb'd beginnings,
We leave the present to the past,
And mortgage future winnings.
From loud complaints on either side
Not one could claim exemption;
'Twas not alone the railway charge
That needed quick redemption!

To raise the wind each art was tried
That could not bring a stigma;
But "how to pay the piper," still
Remained a sad enigma.
To check our course, for good or bad,
The printers raised their devils,
Resolved, despite the drama's claims,
To stop our Thespian revels.

VOL. III.

But still in turn we reach'd the town
Next in our list included;
And those who aptly thought us "dead,"
Now own'd themselves deluded.
In truth our lives seem'd doomed to reach
The number counted feline—
Those lives that were together blent,
Like singers in the glee line.

So long we work'd our chequer'd way,
By posting and by billing,
That oft our angling friend observ'd,
"We took a deal of killing."
But now at last, the crisis came,
That brought our dissolution,
When questions rose, which in these rhymes,
Will find not their solution.

On ev'ry side appeals were made
To our forlorn exchequer;
The tenor swore; Madame declar'd
No robe had she to deck her.
Thus claims and threats fell thick and fast,
As rain in stormy weather,
But all was lost—the chain was snapt;
We could not hold together.

"A veil should fall," the captain cried,
"On griefs quite unavailing;
Let claimants bark, if bark they will;
My barque's unfit for sailing."
The cause he knew as well as I,
Which led to our disaster,
No chart had we our ship to steer,
And "Jack" was good as master.

At length there came the final blow
To hopes that long were undone,—
How could the crew without a sou,
Get quickly back to London?
"Sauve qui peut," were now the words
Each voice was loudly crying;
And hence, like colours, vouch'd as "fast,"
Away they all were flying.

To me 'twas left to stem the tide
Of all this wild commotion;
No cause so weak, no lot so poor,
But merits some devotion.
While others found the ways and means
To speed them on their journey,
I pray'd for means to plead our cause,
Against a sharp attorney.

On Erin's Isle my patience still
Is doom'd to hardest training;
I dream of home, but all my dreams
Are lost in long complaining.
Flow on, thou sweet, translucent stream,
Hibernia calls the Liffey!
Give me but *wind* my sails to fill,
I'll quit thee in a jiffy.

And yet, I love thee, smiling land,
Of Murphys and O'Gradys;
I love thy hills and leafy vales,
And bless thy dark-eyed ladies.
I love thy songs and gentle streams,
The hues that deck thy mountains;
And watch with awe the gushing springs,
That form thy noble fountains.

I love the sea which round thy coast,
Encircles flow'rs abundant,
In praise whereof thy flowers of speech
Could scarce be too redundant.

I love the land that owns the birth
Of Moore, that lyric charmer!
And, loving thus the favoured isle,
For worlds I would not harm her.

I love, but least of all, (?) the spring
Whence flows the juice Hibernian;
And would not give one pearly drop
For wine they call'd Falernian.
I love—But no! 'twere vain conceit,
To tread the path of Lover—
A bard so bright, the rest are dim,
While o'er his shrine they hover.

What fate befel the scatter'd band
With whom my hopes were bound up,
No tongue could tell, for all were dumb,
Since our concern was wound up.
Like waifs and strays at fortune's will,
Each felt the sad suspension
Of means to rove the world at large,
Quite fearless of detention.

But once 'twas said, the singers twain,
To make the Bank were striving;
An end they could not safely reach,
For theirs was reckless driving.
The captain's thoughts some folks declare,
Are far from where the stage is,
Since not by *parts* his wholesale wit
Could yield him ample wages.

A happier fate than mine, I ween,
To him hath been accorded;
Though men who hold such "cards" as his,
Not often get rewarded.
In "halting rhymes" I end my lay,
No hope could be forlorn;
For, sad mischance! my whole domain
Is now a hole and corner.

To draw a moral from my tale,
I feel the dread incentive;
But here the moral truth prevails,
My muse is not inventive.
Enough to say, that those who strive
To be the world's amusers,
Should start with means to stop the world
From being their abusers.

G. H.

WITH THE HOUNDS.

RUNNING A VIEW.

UP to that time we had gone a sweltering gallop, and now the deer was in sight, as we dashed down a slope, which led by a long and gentle incline to a valley filled with rich grass, even at that season of the year, with the Boyne sweeping swiftly through its midst. On my left, a long way up the river-side, I saw the ruins of Beehive Castle; and on my right, far down, the water wound until lost in the shadow of the woods. But one dog was in sight, yelping lamely some rods behind the antlered red deer, who had worn out the pack, huntsmen, and riders—all except myself—and the pertinacious, dry old gentleman, who stuck like wax to his well-bred and wiry hack, and charged every thing, as Charley, the huntsman, told me, "like winking," when he pointed him out to me in the field, some miles after

starting. Nobody knew him; for, as we had gone on, I had asked several of my recent companions if they had any knowledge of him, and I was met by a negative from all. Yet here he was, riding almost abreast of me, but at some distance on my left. His horse was still fresh, although it was sixteen miles, if it was a yard, from the spot where I noticed him join our array, when the prancers were rushing at their fences as if to break each other's necks was their special duty, while he was riding steadily to his jumps in the most methodical and business-like manner. The prancers were gone—they had dropped off at roads or dropped in at ditches, and here was the dry old gentleman, with his horse well in hand, going along, to all seeming fit for sixteen miles more, and we running a view. We were almost parallel to each other, now going down the incline, and bound for the broad river. Starlight, my horse, was the worse of our run, and had begun to hang his head upon my hand, for the pace was fearful up to this point, and my good horse was only flesh and blood, albeit flesh well on, and blood whose current swept, in days by-gone, through the veins of his desert-born sires down to the steeds of the stud of Solomon, if pedigrees be true. Still, we had gone so far that I knew Starlight would, if he had a voice in the matter, vote to go farther, not to be beaten by the grim old iron-sides, who was rushing, as if to snatch from us the honour of the most famous run ever known with hounds in our days. So I caught my true hunter's head with a bitterer grip of my bridle rein, and set my teeth for a bath, that cold winter's eve, in the river which foamed and flowed before us. The dry old gentleman was about two perches distant, and I knew he was setting himself in the saddle for the same purpose as on we dashed. A stride or two saw me in the stream, but, to my surprise, on good bottom, in shallow water. Starlight snorted and got up to his girths, taking a flying gulp of the grateful liquid as he went along. Higher up, my elderly *Doppleganger* was in difficulties, and his horse swimming. He was in a deeper part of the rapid Boyne, whilst I had met a ford. Not wishing to lose my opportunity by waiting there, and still anxious to ease my conscience for leaving a fellow-creature in danger. I shouted, at the top of my voice,

"Can you swim?"

"That's my business!" was the reply, uttered in the strangest tones I ever heard. A combination of sound between the shriek of a Highland bagpipe and the sigh of a dejected trombone, is the only analogy I can find for it.

"All right!" I shouted, as Starlight climbed up the bank on the other side. "I'll mind the deer!"

A cheering hurrah broke from me, as I stooped in the saddle to pat Starlight's neck, which was answered by a low neigh of satisfaction from the game horse, as he bent again to his work, with a will and a vigour which he seemed to derive from his bath. When we reached the brow of the slope, I looked back to see Ironsides, as I called him, seeking for a spot to get up along the bank, which as yet he had not made out. I

turned round to look for the deer, which I saw still keeping his distance, with the only dog that followed him now, as he scampered off across a country of wide cattle runs and small ditches, "few and far between." My spirits felt rather low as I saw no hope for an immediate termination of our hunt, and I felt convinced of the truth of the nautical maxim, that a "stern chase is a long chase;" but still, as my horse shewed no symptoms of unusual distress, I was determined to push on. The grey twilight of the winter's day now lay low in the horizon, and I felt that this could not last long. It was about twenty minutes since we had crossed the river, and no sign of my former companion showed itself, whilst I found I was getting into a country I did not know. The hound was leg-weary and grew slow as he plunged along, about three lengths before me. The deer had got out of my sight behind a thick hedge, some three fields away, and things were gloomy enough as we drew near a pretty wide gripe, which divided the fields. The hound charged it gallantly, but dropped short. I could not pull up, and feared that Starlight should jump on the brute, as he struggled to climb the bank of the ditch, but, just as my horse was about to take off, the tired dog dropped into the ditch again. Starlight swerved somewhat, although he could not stop his spring, and both of us came down, rolling in an unpleasant embrace on the other side. I picked myself up first, and, catching my tired horse by the bridle, assisted him to rise. Leisurely enough he got upon his legs, as if he would prefer being undisturbed, and shook himself in as rueful a manner as ever disappointed steed did before, whilst I drew my arm through the rein and calling Grip, the hound, with me, we prepared to look for a road, as we had no chance, in the falling night, looking for the deer. After going a short distance through the fields, I found a gate which let me but upon a narrow and unused car-way. A plantation overshadowed it upon each side. I looked vainly in the dusk around for sign of human habitation, and took my way along it, wearied and despondent, knowing it should lead somewhere. The track was covered over with the growth of grass which had rotted on the surface, and the sound of Starlight's hooves could hardly be heard as they fell, with muffled tramp and weary, on the soft path. Grip, the staghound, walked close beside me as if he were fearful, and, altogether, we were dull and silent company. We might have walked a quarter of a mile thus, and the night was now dark around us, when we came to a bridle path which opened from our right upon the road we were pursuing. I hesitated for a moment as to whether we would turn in upon it, but finally pursued the direct road upon which we had adventured. We had not got out of the line of the plantation, which still overshadowed the path, and, trusting to my horse's sight in the gloom, rather than my own, we went along.

"Well, Starlight," said I, prompted by that impulse which is irresistible in darkness, to talk to anything, rather than be silent, "well, old boy! I wish we had stopped with old Ironsides, on the Boyne bank rather,

than have got into this confounded mess of wandering, for the honour and glory of spending the night *al fresco*, and nothing to eat or drink, to make it more agreeable."

"If I am the person you refer to, as old Ironsides, young gentleman," said the same euphonious speaker I heard last amid the splashing of the Boyne current, "I beg to say you have mistaken my name, and are not likely to improve your position by the peculiarity of your manner of reference to me."

There was no doubt about it. There, as well as I could see his outline, was my fellow of the stag hunt, accompanied by his horse, both walking behind me. How he came there I could not tell. I did not hear him approach, and the first intimation of his presence I had was in his extraordinary vocal phenomena.

"Well, sir," said I, when I had recovered my surprise, "I must admit I should have spoken in a different manner of you if I thought your presence was so contiguous, but I assure you I meant nothing offensive, and Starlight is discreet enough to keep his counsel and my hasty appellation of you. However, I shall feel happy to call you by your proper name if you do me the favour of letting me know it. Mine is Walton—Charles Walton, of her Majesty's—th Dragoon Guards, at your service, with the additions of being hungry cold, and benighted, and some twenty-four miles from any known point of friendly hospitality."

"Humph," replied my companion, "that is a claim then to friendly hospitality in an unknown point, and an inquiry for my name. Well, sir, you are an officer, and *not consequently* a gentleman: but you can ride like an Irishman, which is saying a good deal; so you shall have the hospitality immediately—the name you can have now. My friends call me Florence O'Driscoll you have a different version of it."

"Well, sir," I replied, "I think I apologised for my error in that regard before; you don't want to have me do it again?"

"Softly, young man," said he, "don't be snappish. Remember, *militaire* as you are, that you are without supplies; and you should not turn the inhabitants of the country you have invaded, in full hunting costume, into enemies, by moroseness. Your tactics are bad. I opine, at this rate you will hardly gain many victories."

I burst into a fit of laughter at his quaint and dry manner of expression.

"I don't intend to take the household defences of this neighbourhood by a *coup de main*," said I, "for I see none to take; but hunger, it is said, will break through stone walls, and mine, I assure you, would urge me to knock at wooden doors, if I could meet any, and beg or buy wherewithal to appease it for myself, and to afford some refreshment for the poor brutes who are with me."

"Come along, Mr. Walton!" said my companion, "follow me, and for the nonce your wants and those of your fellow-travellers shall be satisfied, as far as Florence O'Driscoll, *alias* old Ironsides, can afford from his larder."

My companion passed me, and we walked quickly

for some minutes, until our further advance was barred by a wooden gate in a high wall, overgrown with ivy, above which the outline of the gables of an old-fashioned house showed, amid the gloom. Taking a dog whistle from his pocket, my fellow-traveller blew it loudly, and a response was instantly afforded by the appearance of a glare of a light behind the gate, which was immediately opened by a man dressed in the fustian of a groom. After we had entered, we walked along a circular drive, up to the hall-door of the residence, which was, as well as I could see, in the style of the Elizabethan age, with quaint gables and lanceolated windows. Before we reached the entrance the groom was up with us.

"Take those horses, Peter," said O'Driscoll, "and make them up carefully. They have had a long run. Give them both some hot bran, and bathe their legs in warm water. Let them have a good bed, and don't kill them in your usual style, by shutting them up and stopping every crevice where they could get a breath of air. Mind, now, what I tell ye!"

"Throth I will, sir," said Peter, "and throth ye didn't ever know me to do that, but wanst, an I never hard th' end ov it since."

"Well, you might do it again, you know," said his master, "and I wish to prevent you. Welcome to Woodpark, Mr. Walton! step in," said my host, opening the door of the parlour, where a fire burned brightly, "Take a chair beside the fire; you must be chill after your ride."

He rang the bell, and a butler appeared. "Fagan, get us something to eat as soon as possible; anything palatable will do us."

"If we knew you'd be here, sir," said Fagan, "we'd"—

"Oh, I know you would, but as you didn't, we must only be vulgar, and take pot-luck. Hurry, like a good fellow."

Fagan vanished, and we sat down to wait for our meal; fortunately for our patience, we had not to wait long.

THE HUNT FOR LIFE.

"That's pure native, and never saw the gauger's countenance," said my host, as we sat with smoking glasses, brimming with punch—made upon the most scientific principles—our dinner despatched, and the fire blazing brighter than ever, whilst we regaled our persons in its cheery light.

"I suppose that it is an additional recommendation of its qualities that it is contraband, and owes the sovereign something?" said I.

"H'm, well, I don't know," added my host, "that my admiration for it springs from that source; but it is a good article, without deleterious admixture, and not a drop of water in it, except what we have added ourselves; and I never knew the exciseman's shadow to fall on it that it did not leave an inducement for the seller to make up in some other addition what he lost in duty."

I watched the curls of the light vapour which as-

cended the chimney from the pleasant fire, hardly hearing the last remark. My host, seeing my abstraction, grew silent. Grip had made his way up to where I was, and lay full length upon the hearth-rug, enjoying the flapping blaze. Some dream crossed his canine mind, for he yelped in a low whine, and moved uneasily.

"Dreaming!" said my host.

"Which of us," said I, "the dog or myself?"

"Both," said he; "he of his day's experiences—you of heaven knows what."

"But, don't think I find fault with either of you for that. I dream myself, sir, betimes—dream of things and people long past and gone. Some of the dreams wild enough too—but when I was your age, I'd be talking of the famous run we had to-day. And, though I have had some strange field adventures, I must compliment you by telling you that those of to-day were proofs of your pluck and endurance, as far as horsemanship is concerned."

"Have you hunted much, sir?" said I.

"Aye, young friend! stranger hunts, too, than you wot of. I tracked the tiger in his Indian jungle, and shot the lion in the Kafir country. I tried my hand at kangaroos in Tasmania, and galloped a few ostriches to death with Arab Sheiks in the Sahara, and a more maddening hunt than all those I went—myself the quarry."

My interest was excited by my host's manner, and I looked a desire to hear the adventure to which he referred, without expressing my wish.

"Finish that glass beside you," said he; "fill another, and take a cigar," as he pushed a box over to me; "the manners of the camp cling about me still, for I, too, was a soldier, and I like to be happy and not formal. I will tell you a story of a HUNT FOR LIFE:—

"Sir Arthur Wellesley had beaten us back at Talavera, and I was left with a deep flesh-wound, from a ball which struck me on the right side, and passed round under my shoulder-blade to get out beneath its point. What became of me after I sank down, faint from loss of blood, I could not tell. But when I recovered consciousness, I found myself in an apartment fitted up with graceful elegance, and perfectly unknown to me. A vase of flowers stood on a table in the centre of the room; a grim array of empty bottles was arranged on a buffet. The windows were open, and the breath of summer air laden with the perfume of flowers stole through the gaily-painted jalousies. I had some faint notion I must be mad or dreaming, and attempted to rise, when I found myself incapable of doing so from sheer weakness. Here was mystery enough, and I lay pondering it over, when the door opened, and foot-steps approached my bed. A girl, young and very beautiful, stood soon beside it, a tall and sombre-looking old man accompanying her.

"Ah! povero," said the senorita. 'I fear his mind wanders still.'

"There is a wild look in his eyes," added her companion, "which bodes ill for him. I think his reason was never very abundant; but it is certainly all gone now."

"I burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, which made my fair visitor look scared, and her companion start back.

"Pardon, Senhora," said I "the cavalier has made such an impression on my risible faculties by his penetration, as to the amount of brains with which I am gifted, that I have no other way of testifying my respect for his acuteness but by laughter. However, may I ask you where I am—who I am with—how I came here, or am I dreaming? for my last memory is the thundering of the British guns in my ear, and the rush of cavalry around me, as we retired from Talavera before Sir Arthur Wellesley. My horse was lying dead beside me, and I myself, endeavouring to staunch a wound in my side."

"How you came hither, Don Colombo here best knows; for to his kind offices you owe your conveyance from the battle-field to this, the house of his sister, and myself his niece. He found you dying to all seeming, but not dead; and though he dislikes your uniform, and your countrymen, the French, compassion made him give shelter to a stranger, wounded and neglected in defeat. Some six weeks have gone past, and you have got through a fever in the meantime. Whilst now, if you are not clothed, you are at all events in your right mind. But the doctor has desired us not to reply to your questions, and here I am answering everything you ask; come Don Colombo, and let our patient rest."

"Here leaving me in a tantalising suspense to hear more, she tripped from the room. Months went over and found me still the guest of Donna Olivia Ximencas. Time found me more—her accepted lover. The war had rolled away from our dwelling, and many a league intervened between us and the hostile armies now. For myself, the life I led was like a happy dream. The visions of battle through whose bloody paths I hoped to follow fame, had lost the charm which they once possessed, and in this old-fashioned chateau, and with this fair girl, no thought of the glitter of war, or the glory of victory, could bring a charm to win my sympathies from where they now were fixed. Situate at the end of a valley, the house where we lived was surrounded by a high wall which enclosed a considerable space. About two hundred paces behind the house arose a high and craggy hill covered with brushwood up to its very summit. A favourite occupation of mine as my health returned, was to scale, by crag and cliff, up to the height of this hill, and enjoy the fresh breeze which swept it, and the broad view presented from it as from an eyrie. The height diminished in a gradual undulation, and seemed to sink into a forest which extended from side to side of the plain. Sometimes attended by a groom I rode thither to shoot a wolf, with which animals it abounded, and of which a stray individual bolder than the herd sometimes ventured toward its precincts. From those excursions I attained a considerable knowledge of the surrounding locality, which afterwards stood me in good stead. In the evening a cigar with Don Colombo, a chat with Olivia and her mother over our coffee, or a stroll through the

quaint old garden with Olivia herself, completed my diurnal existence. Sometimes ere the little family circle broke up for the night; when the moon shone bright and unclouded through the deep beauty of the sky, we were wont to gather in the alcove of a window which looked eastward, and contribute to each other's enjoyment. The elders gave the recital of a legend or a tale, whilst Olivia bestowed the music of her guitar and the melody of her voice in some old Moorish ballad, or a softer chaunt of more modern birth. My share was generally an Irish melody, and sooth to say never since had I a more attentive audience. Often after hearing one of those beautiful native melodies of our land, they have besought me to sing it again, though the language of the song was unintelligible to any of them, and the voice of the singer but little to boast of in harmonious power. True, I always prefaced my efforts in this way by an explanation of its sentiment, or a comment upon its history.

"But this brief interval of sunny existence was soon to be overcast. I was now fully restored to health, and I was anxious to rejoin the army, at all events until peace should be proclaimed for Spain. My Irish birth had gained me the favour of Don Colombo and Donna Inez, the mother of Olivia. I had no obstacle to my suit from them, and Olivia had long since given her consent to our union. The only stipulation made was my retirement from the army, and my settlement at the Villa Ximencas; I felt that in deference to military etiquette it would be necessary that I should continue in the service until the campaign should be concluded, and with this arrangement I prepared to set out. In one week I was to depart, and I had all my preparations complete. I rode out more frequently both for exercise and enjoyment, and had got over two days of the seven-night, when on the evening of the second day, as I came from the stable where I left my horse, I went into the garden where Olivia used generally to be found. I walked towards a little grove of orange trees, behind which was a summer-house, from whence I heard the tones of a strange voice.

"And who may the cavalier be who has been so fortunate as to win my fair cousin's heart and hand?"

"An Irish hidalgo, Manuel," was the answer of Olivia.

"An Irish hidalgo,—and what proof have you of that, my fair cousin?" was the interrogation uttered in a mocking tone which nettled me to the quick. I dashed forward and standing before the new-comer said—

"The proof is here, Senhor, in his word of honour. Do you doubt it? If you do," I continued, "the fact that he is an officer in the service of his Majesty the Emperor of France, is enough to give you an opportunity of denial elsewhere."

"Manuel seemed surprised at my interruption. I looked at him to conceive an intense and irremovable dislike to him. A man aged about twenty-five, of middle stature and good face, but a villainously furtive

glance, stood before me. A sardonic grin displayed his white teeth as he slowly uttered—

"An Irishman, and a French officer! an *hidalgo* and a soldier of fortune! The honour of a noble, and the sword of a mercenary! Are Irish cavaliers beggars that they come to fight the battles of a tyrant, or have they so little to fight for at home that it is not worth the bravery they are so lavish of elsewhere?"—he paused and then went on—"Sir, I could have borne with you as an Irishman, even without any authentication of your condition; but as a French officer you contaminate a Spanish home, and if you have befooled two foolish women and a doating man, know that a follower of *L'Empecinado* has the same hatred to every man of your uniform as he has to the foul fiend himself, and that his oath to his country binds him to spare no such cursed spawn."

"His utterance was thick and rapid as he spoke. 'Farewell Olivia!' he said, turning on his heel and walking rapidly away. The clatter of a horse's heels resounded through the court-yard, and we knew he was gone."

"*L'Empecinado*," said I to Olivia, "the guerilla chief who spares no Frenchman. I am in bad hands if he be near."

"We held a consultation in the chateau, and it was decided I should start the next day, as the danger of falling in with the fierce guerilla was so imminent. To save myself I should have started at once."

"We sat in the alcove after our evening repast, and a gloom was over our little party, which I endeavoured vainly to dispel. Olivia was singing an old romance which told of the escape of a prisoner from a Moorish city, when a thundering knock resounded at the gate of the court-yard. We started, but no one moved, and the old porter walked across the court to open the gate. He had hardly undone the fastenings, when a score of armed men rushed in, and in an instant we heard them ascending the stairs. The door opened, and a short, squat-fellow, with ponderous limbs, and a sword drawn in his hand, moved across the room to where we sat."

"Surrender, *Senhor*, said he, 'resistance is useless.'

"Olivia clung shrieking to me."

"Certainly," said I, pointing to the affrighted girl, 'I will not resist now. But, first, what is your charge against me, that you demand my surrender?'

"Charge, ha! ha! that's good, he is a Frenchman, and wants to know the charge against him. Come over here, Pedro, and fit him for his journey."

"Here one of the row of villains, who were ranged at the door, approached and tied my hands with a strong cord."

"Bring him away," said my captor. "Don Colombo, we venture to make free with your wine-cellar to give this gentleman a lodging until daylight, when we will provide him a residence which he wont leave in a hurry."

"Don Colombo expostulated, and the ladies implored of the guerilla leader not to violate the hospitality of

their home by treating a guest in such a manner, but their expostulations were vain.

"Bring him away!" he shouted, 'bring him away!'

"The men rudely hustled me down the stairs. Having obtained the key of the wine-cellar, they opened the door, and shoving me into the vault, slammed the door to, and left me alone in the darkness. I heard their ascending footsteps as they died away, and I began to contemplate my position. The conduct of some of the guerilla leaders towards any Frenchmen who fell into their hands, was totally void of clemency or justice. They had sacrificed even wounded men to their unsparing enmity of the foreigner. I had no reason to believe that I would be treated with more kindness than any of their victims. My only hope of life lay in escape, but bound as I was, I could make no exertion, and even with every exertion, and my hands free, I did not know how to make my way from my temporary dungeon. The cellar was excavated from the rock upon which the foundation of the Chateau was laid, and was secured by a strong door, which appeared to be the only means of egress. In this condition I made up my mind to meet my fate as well as I could, and endeavoured to distract my thoughts from the contemplation of what I deemed now could not be avoided. Strange to say, that weary, after my day's exercise, the peril of my condition could not prevent me from becoming drowsy, and I sat down on the floor some distance from the entrance, leaning against the craggy wall of the cave to sleep. I had been dozing from time to time, and was startled out of my rest on every occasion by fearful dreams, when having got such an unpleasant disturbance for the third or fourth time, I determined to keep awake if possible. I had been for some time engaged in this effort when I heard footsteps approach, and the accents of voices in conversation as they drew near."

"Indeed, I don't know, Pedro, I'm sure," was uttered in the well-known tones of Catarina, Olivia's maid, when he's going to be shot to-morrow morning, why Don Colombo should give one so much trouble about a supper for him. But great folks will have their way."

"Cuerpo," growled Pedro, as he put the key in the lock outside and shoved back the bolt, "I don't know that I'd let you hear him anything, the dog, only I always like to see that my bird is in the cage, and here is the French cock, surely," he added, peering at me."

"Pedro had been indulging in potations, for his face was flushed."

"Here, *senhor*," said Catarina, 'is a little supper for you,' as she laid a tray with some salad and bread on the ground before me."

"But, Madre, how can the Don eat with his hands tied behind his back?"

"Pedro," she said, 'you are not afraid he will injure you if he is loosened whilst he takes his food.'

"Let him eat as he is, or not at all," said Pedro."

"Nonsense, you are unreasonable, Pedro. If your commander *L'Empecinado* were here, he would be less fearful of a prisoner. Loose his hands, I say, and tie them up when he is done his repast."

"Pedro growled a refusal. 'Well, I will unbind him myself,' exclaimed Catarina. 'Whilst we are here, take this lamp and hand me the key whilst I unloose him, that I may lock the door if any one approaches; and see is there any outlet in the vault by which he might escape in the meantime.'

"My hands were now free, the door was open, as Catarina went over under the pretence of locking it, whilst Pedro examined the sides of the vault. A gesture of the head from Catarina decided me in my course. She stood outside with the key in the lock. I sprang forward, drew the door to, and locked in Pedro, in a shorter time than it needs to describe the act. He had seen my movement too late to prevent it; he rushed at the door, indeed, stumbling over the tray, and falling across it, his lamp fell from his hands and left him in darkness. We rapidly ascended the stairs, whilst Pedro kicked and cursed at the door in vain. He was too far removed from his companions to be soon heard. Having reached the head of the stairs, we rushed along a passage which led to the end of the house, and opened on the garden. Here Catarina told me that a horse would meet me at the walls of a ruined monastery which was beyond the hill, and near the edge of the forest of which I have before spoken. I urged her to have my pistols and some powder sent to me by a messenger, and grasping the bough of a lime-tree which grew near the wall, swung myself upon it, and dropping down behind, was free to run for life.

"I can tell you I began to breathe freely as I climbed or ran up the hill, which now seemed the only barrier between me and existence, and it was only when I reached its summit I paused to think of my venture. There were two difficulties before me, ere I could reach France, even if I had escaped from this—the one to avoid the dangers of the guerilla bands, and the other to shun being taken prisoner by the English army. I knew I could pass myself off as an Englishman on the guerillas, but I should depend upon my skill in subterfuge, if I were questioned by any of the British officials. I never dreamed of a greater difficulty than those. As I took my parting look on the friendly mansion where I had spent such happy days, the moon emerged from a cloud, and lit up its quaint gables and arched entrances with the full brilliancy of her soft light. I thought of those so dear to me within, and breathed a blessing in the fulness of my heart upon them. I turned again before I departed, and saw signs of confusion in the hurrying of lights from window to window, and the flittings of lamps carried about the garden. I knew they had found out my escape, and I felt that every exertion I could make would be wanted to get away in safety. It was a mile, at least, to the ruins where the horse was to be sent to meet me, and I knew that the messenger, having to make a considerable detour around the base of the hill, would scarcely reach the old monastery as soon as I should. I had accomplished about half the way, when I heard loud shouts behind me, and the crack of a rifle broke upon the still air. The ball did not reach me, however, and I rushed along with renewed energy.

The moon was now in full light, and I could see several dark bodies moving towards me from the summit of the hill. I knew my only chance was in the horse being waiting for me at the ruins, or else immediate flight into the wood. The guerillas evidently saw me, as they were making in the same direction as fast as possible. I had reached the monastery, and stood for some minutes in the shadow of the walls, when knowing the value of time for my safety, I was about to run for the woods, as I heard the quick stride of a galloping horse approaching me. It was the messenger as promised. By the time he had reached me my pursuers were not a quarter of a mile away.

"'Quick, man!' said I to the messenger, as he handed me the pistols and ammunition.

"'There is only one way of escape for you, Senhor,' said he, as I jumped into the saddle, 'the wood, and it is filled with wolves; but the other side of the country is held by the guerillas, and you have no chance there.'

"'The wolves are more merciful,' said I, as I caught the bridle rein tightly in my hands, and I had rather chance them.'

"Hitting my horse sharply with my heel, we started from behind the ruins into the moonlight. Loud exclamations burst from the foremost of my pursuers, who levelled his gun and fired at me without effect. His companions, five or six in number, did likewise. One ball, better aimed than the rest, tearing through the sleeve of my bridle arm, and grazing the shoulder of my horse, inflicted a slight wound. I dashed onward, and soon gaining the wood, plunged into its shadow.

"Were it not for the occasion, I could have admired the scene here before me. Through the overarching branches of the forest the moonlight dropped down like a shower of silver, flecking the sward beneath the trees with what appeared to be drops of luminous glory. The tall stems of chesnut and sycamore rose to spread out their broad branches in a canopy of overarching leaves. Not a breath of air moved the verdure of the wood, and the voices of my pursuers ceased after a short while to reach my ear. From the closeness of the forest growth, my progress was not so rapid as it otherwise would be; for as yet I had reached no path which occasional traffic of wayfarers might make more free from obstacles for journeying. As I went along, the scream of a startled bird now and then broke the stillness around me, but no other sound of life betrayed itself. I had travelled thus for about two hours, sparing my horse rather, and probably, I was not beyond ten miles from the Chateau Ximancas, when I was startled from a reverie on the adventures of the past day by a loud and prolonged howl. It was answered by another, and another, seemingly from different points behind me, and at a considerable distance. I never recollect any instance in my life where sound had such an influence upon me. My very flesh seemed to creep, and every nerve was braced to a degree of painful tension. The horse also felt the same horror, for he snorted and became quite restless. It was with diffi-

culty I could restrain him from galloping away. Again and again the same terrible yell arose, and the excitement of my horse became almost uncontrollable. I knew the sound too well. The wolves were tracking us. The blood which had dropped at intervals from the wound in my horse's shoulder had lured them in pursuit, and our chances of life now lay in the animal's power of endurance, and my skill in baffling the blood-thirsty brutes. We had no time to lose, and knowing not how soon they might be required, I endeavoured, and after some trouble, succeeded in loading my pistols, and then turned to fly for life. But, embarrassed by the trees, our flight could not be so rapid as was necessary, and I had not galloped a quarter of a mile, when, following within a hundred yards of me, I saw the leaders of the pack of bandogs, and heard the rush and yell of scores behind. My good horse became terribly excited, and every power of my body was needed to prevent him rushing at such a speed that both of us should infallibly be smashed against some tree. I knew the animal was exhausting his best ability in the effort to break away and distance the pack of brutes, who, now filled with the passion of their carnivorous instinct, followed to devour us, and I felt how necessary it was to husband his strength for our struggle to escape. I had ceased to care whither we went, and aimed only for the open places of the forest, as I saw them whilst we rushed along, using all the cunning of hand and eye to guide the terrified steed through the mazes of the path we were forced to adopt. Following with deadly keenness came the howling troop of wolves, shortening the distance between us by a gradually decreasing interval. The hundred yards that separated us at first were not seventy now, and I calculated with terrible calmness the probable distance we should get over ere the seventy yards would be diminished to the breadth of the spring of the leaders, and then my fate was certain death. Faster than I was going I could not urge my horse without meeting the end I was so anxious to avoid, in being stricken from my seat by some of the lower boughs which crossed my path, and which, even at the rate we were proceeding, I managed to escape by a miracle. With a strange fascination my eyes sought every moment to mark the progress of the rushing brutes, whilst their horrible yells filled the wood with as horrible echoes. Nearer and nearer they were coming as we swept along, and half an hour had not passed since I first saw them, ere half the distance upon which my safety depended was gone. Then came the terrible thought—had I only half an hour to live before I should meet the cruel doom of being rent limb from limb by the sharp fangs of the hellish pack which rushed behind me? My head swam round at the consideration of such a fate. I had lost my way in the forest, in fact, I no longer thought whither I might go only to fly from the cruel danger which was so imminent. The trees seemed interminable, and I had almost given up hope of escape by getting clear of the wood. My mind had lost much of that balance of coolness which was so necessary for my life. The overstrained nerves

were beginning to react upon me, and I fancied that the leaders of the wolves were huge in size, and approached me at a terrific rate of speed. Under such impulses I shouted wildly, and at the noise the pack behind joined their throats in concert. Terrified, horror-stricken, I drew a pistol from the holster, and fired amongst the brutes. Chance favoured me, not skill. One of their number fell, and the rest turned on him and began to devour him. Fighting, growling, mingled in terrible confusion, they plunged around the fallen animal in eager earnestness for the bloody feast. One tugging mass of quadrupeds was all that was discernible, as they snapped and howled over the dismembered body of their fallen companion. One look was enough to show me the similarity of my own fate, if I should be overtaken; and filled with horror at the thought, with a cry of despair I gave the rein to my horse and allowed him for the moment the fiercest freedom of his career. Reckless not where I went, with the awful quarrel which I had seen taking place about the devoured wolf before my eyes, and the snapping and gnashing of teeth of the ravenous brutes ringing in my ears, I would have given worlds for the charity of a sudden blow to strike life from my brain. The dawn of the morning had taken place as I fled, and I hardly noticed its occurrence, so absorbed was every sense in the purpose of escape. It revealed to me a means of escape, however. Shining through the trees I saw the flow of a stream broad and rapid. I turned my horse's head towards it, hoping as the wolves were not yet in sight, that by swimming it we might baffle them to track us by their scent. I approached its bank at last; but my horse refused to go into the water. In vain I attempted to force him; he plunged and reared violently in his obstinacy. The yelp of the wolves again reached my ear, and knowing I had but the one chance for life, I dismounted, pulled the bridle from his head, and let him go free to escape if he could. With a bound he was away into the woods again, and I sprang into the river, and swam to the further side. Arrived there I climbed to the top of a tree, knowing that I should be safe there at all events. Nearer and nearer I heard the howl of the wolves, and at last, before my sight, they galloped into the spot where I had stood five minutes before. Covered with blood, their mouths open, and giving tongue like slenth hounds, they rushed along, taking the track of the horse I had let free to run for his life. Unwearied and fierce they followed his scent, and passed me like a vision of flying fiends. I was safe, and the first prayer that burst from my lips broke in my expression of thankfulness for my deliverance.

"Years have passed over since that time. I am an old man now, but sometimes I awake from a vivid dream wherein that flight is rehearsed with all its horror and mental agony; and my heart beats fast and my brow becomes bedewed with a cold sweat, as I think again of the suffering of that run for life.

"The wars were over when I stood again in the Chateau Ximancas. I had survived the fortunes of

Russia, and the defeat of Waterloo. I had seen my Imperial master brought far from the land of whose glory his name must be the brightest symbol, to die upon a barren rock in a tropical clime; and, weary of the world's mutations, I turned to seek her, whose memory had cheered me by many a dreary bivouac, and in many a fatal day, and found myself again in the well-known apartment, which I had left to undergo such numerous perils. At the seat by the old-embayed window was one form familiar of old; I approached and laid my hand upon his shoulder. A quick and questioning look was fixed upon me, and then—

"I know you, dear friend," said Don Colombo, "and welcome you to your home!"

"Olivia," said I, impetuously "what of her?"

"Come," said he "she awaits you; all despaired of your return but her. She said you would be here, one day. I will bring you to her now."

"The kindly old man took my hand, and led me into the garden. We passed along towards the little orangery. The moon was in the sky, bright as when I last looked upon the spot. Tree and flower seemed beauteous in its light. The wind was hushed into softest whispers, and the song of the nightingale swelled in plaintive cadence upon the air. A marble cross, upon whose arms hung a wreath of immortelles, stood lonely amid all the beauty—image of pain, of trial, and of triumph. A shadow, as I looked upon it, seemed to have fallen upon all I beheld, the glory passed from earth and heaven. My heart stayed its pulsation.

"Olivia," I murmured, "I see her not."

"She is here," said the old man, weeping now, and pointing downwards, "keeping her tryst, full of love, full of faith, full of hope, that yet ye shall meet where there is no parting."

"My friend, I am lonely now—a defeated soldier in the battle of life. I come back, betimes, to the only spot where I find the old greetings, and the old smiles, which warmed my heart when I was young. I am an Irishman, and I love this fair land of ours, though the ties which bound me to its soil are broken or loosened many a year ago. The hills have grown friends, and the rivers have a voice of kindness to me since, when loved friends are gone, and dear voices silent. It is my pleasure whilst I live—a melancholy one, I grant you—but a pleasure which nothing else can accord me now. But when all those yearnings are over, and all those wanderings done, I shall find a quiet rest under the marble cross in the orangery of Ximencas, far away beneath the sunny sky of the land of my fathers, the land of chivalry and of song—true and gallant Spain."

W.

INHABITANT AND SLAVE.

A TALE OF THE WEST.

TURNING away from the main thoroughfares of Galway, I entered upon a narrow street, upon whose footpath it was necessary to bring the utmost vigilance to bear, for there were surprises at every step, and some of them not of the most agreeable. The winter had passed away from the air, but in the grim old houses on either side it still seemed to have a habitation. The tender, deep blue sky, with its varying, soft, snowy clouds, looked pityingly down between the quaint eaves overhead, on which the white moonlight struck, bringing out their eccentricities into high relief, and frecking the walls with black shadows, and dark, suspicious nooks and corners. The echo of my steps soon became the only sound anigh me. For it was late, and later in those retired streets than in the more living thoroughfares. From them the voices of vendors, night-wandering oyster-men, and others, whose wares, according to themselves, were of marvellous worth, came, in passing waves, down the quiet streets, but soon became chilled into nothingness. The wandering Jew ventured not here, with mysterious whispers concerning ancient raiment, or umbrellas fit for the sacrifice. Had he a fear of the quietness of the place? I fear not. His heart is bound in triple brass, and no place is sacred from him, unless it be unfurnished with buying or selling human nature.

So faring, and being in my thoughts somewhat abstracted, I arrived at the house, after but a few plashes into unexpected pools, and two detours made to avoid a beam, which vexatiously turned out, on nearer inspection, to be nothing else than a moon-beam. I stood before the house at last, the landmarks which had guided me being unmistakable. A quaint place it was, standing there in the oblique moon-light, with a brow that had worn the changes of two hundred years, and looked upon many generations of men—men quick hands at sword, merchants rich in Spanish trade, and roystering gallants, forgetting everything but revel and querulous honour. Yet none, surely, could pass its massive portal many times without being reminded of things beyond—by the pious legend carved above their heads, telling how vain is the labour of the builder, if God build not. And in some of those dungeon-like rooms, no doubt, the innocent murmur of a baby, through its gentle slumbers, had sounded, gratifyingly to the form that watched beside it, and sanctifyingly to many a mailed warrior or anxious merchant—entering their hearts like a ray of sunshine into a dungeon, like a seed blown from a valley up into the bosom of the hill, there to germinate and bring forth produce manifold. A building it was, massive, square, and of great strength; not formed of flimsy brick, but solid stone, three stern storeys high, and containing in its breadth three windows, which seemed but enlarged loopholes. Entering the gloom of its archway, I came into the little square court in the centre, for, like many another old Galway house, it was built in the ancient continental style; that court, no

doubt, had often been thronged with glittering cavaliers before a foray, and often heard their exclamations when they returned with their leader, before separating. However, with these speculations I speculated not long, but espying the stone stair in the corner, which had been signaled to me, I ascended with a certain amount of circumspection. The court-yard got but little light from the moon; here there was only a wierd, lonesome, and dusky twilight through the heavy windows. Passing three of the latter, as directed, I saw at the end of the stone corridor before me, a square of light lying on the flags, and stretching from beneath a door. I knocked, and heard a murmur inside, so, taking it for a hospitable permission, I entered.

"Burnt its little nose again, did it?" said a manly voice, softly as though it were addressing a baby. But baby there was none. I looked round the strong, square apartment. Books were piled on several sides, gloomy tableaux of split skulls and bleeding hearts deformed the walls. In the very centre of the room stood "The Inhabitant," his right hand uplifted in a menacing manner—he stood, a frightful, blanched skeleton!

Thus was he in the middle of the room. Every thing had to make way for him. Table, books, chairs, were huddled in corners, with the exception of the chair occupied by a human being, evidently his slave and servitor, who was respectfully seated at one side of the fire, half-turf, half-bogwood, heaped in the mighty hearth.

"Burnt its neat little nose, did it?—oh, fie!" repeated the voice, as I made one step in, and stood for a moment dumb with astonishment at what I saw and heard.

"Hullo!" cried I, at length bursting my bonds, and "hallo!" I repeated, in a loud stern voice, to restore my own courage, and at the sound the Inhabitant, as it seemed to me, gave a cold, unimpassioned chuckle, whereupon his slave, with a start, leaped up and grasped me by the hand.

"Beware!" he said, "beware, tread softly, make not a sound, or all's lost."

I shut the unwieldy door, and, on turning, beheld The Inhabitant looming in a distant corner, with a dark object on his head, which I soon discovered to be my hat, a tribute, it appears, that he exacted from all guests.

"'Tis gone, 'tis over, 'tis past," said my friend, "slave no longer," in a mellow, hearty voice, as though some mysterious weight had been removed from his mind. "I blame you not, but I must feed the faithful one, in its antre."

"Now, under the sun, what *do* you mean? You're as like a speluncated necromancer, in this old place, as ever I read of; unfold, unveil, what mean you?"

"Ha!" he replied, "hist, it is—'tis there yet; not a word;" and taking a piece of cheese, he crumbled it into fine crumbs, and, in a stooping, reverential attitude, he bore them towards The Inhabitant and laid them at his feet.

"Have you become an out and out heathen, through

living by yourself, my poor fellow! Bring that back this instant!"

But he merely pressed upon my arm, signifying to be still; and, listening with an odd sensation of iniquity, I heard a slight rustle, and in a second a dark form was in the centre of the cheese crumbs.

"Now, you surely have gone clean cracked. What craze have you to be cherishing these pestiferous little creatures? I'm matutinally besieged by cats at my lodgings; you shall have half a dozen, distributed judiciously round your apartment before to-morrow night."

"Peace! my friend!" he answered, with dignity, "peace. Cats are good for rats and flies. For rats, because those animals are prejudicial to the useful mouse; for flies, because flies disagree with them, are little nutritive, though highly stimulant, and thus produce a distaste for other food. Cats intoxicate themselves upon flies, and slowly perish, and they deserve death for two reasons. Firstly, because their duty is, I maintain it, to expel rats, and that duty they neglect. Secondly, beings that intoxicate themselves, whether with food or with drink, are hurtful to social comfort, and should perish. Let them."

"You're very ungrateful to the worthy feline race, and I can see that ingratitude has produced its natural fruit, inasmuch as your mind has grown perverse, and preserves, cherishes, and nourishes beings which greatly must annoy you."

"The mice! Not so. They amuse me. Did you hear a squeak? They come and burn their little noses behind the grate occasionally. They save my life, too. I ask you to turn your gaze from the Inhabitant and to look around you. You behold the strength, the massive strength of this place. You also behold (turn round!) that glorious oaken door. Now, when that is closed, in the short space of a few hours, to live in this room would be an impossibility, the air would not be renewed, would be carbonized and hateful. On the other hand, here are faithful mice; they have constructed for my benefit, and perhaps—I say perhaps—their own convenience, a complete system of arteries, through which the external air gains plenteous admission into this room, and entering by so many pores, produces no draught, which is a magnificent benefit. Indeed, they sacrifice their own comfort to mine. For, I do not believe that a mouse is insensible to colds, and yet, in each of these arteries a thorough draught is established, and in fine working order."

"Perhaps they have recesses wherein to retire."

"Aneurisms of those arteries, precisely; a good idea, but that is no reason why you should be starved, though inventors often are."

He stamped on the floor thrice, and, after a short space, I heard a shuffling noise approach along the corridor, and stop outside the door.

"Peeping through the key-hole again," muttered my friend; "I'll have to stop that shortly. Come in, come in, Elizabetha," he cried aloud; "don't do that again," he added menacingly.

The door was opened with great circumspection, and

an ancient, withered, and wrinkled visage, gifted with a determined hook-nose, most suspicious eyes, and thin lips, compressed as though they were holding in important secrets, and feared to let an admission escape them, appeared. Seeing the coast clear, but still keeping her eyes fixed alternately on the Inhabitant and his slave, she favoured us with a full view of her stout but brief person. She looked slightly startled at having been detected at the key-hole, but it produced no shame, it only rendered her doubly wary; it was not out of curiosity, but through precaution, that she had looked.

"Elizabetha," said my friend, "will you give"—

"I won't, I won't, I won't," said she, very rapidly, and shaking her head indignantly, "I won't and I shan't, and go 'long with you. Iss, faith, iss, before a witness, that's *your* look out; but I won't. You may climb the air, and plough the rocky hills, but I won't."

"Give us the tea, will you, and be quiet."

"Iss, inagh, 'tis only the tay now, is it, och, maurya!" she said, incredulously, but arranged the tea-things, carefully keeping at the opposite side of the table from my friend, and backing out when all was done. Then, full of curiosity, I asked—

"Why Considine, what's the matter? Are you seeking to extract a promise of marriage from that old—excuse me—charming damsel, before witnesses? Has she proved inconstant and left you here to rue? Is this the secret of your living in this ancient tenement? Discovered at last, my lad!"

"Merriment becomes youth no doubt, but I,"—he was about twenty-five—"I have graver thought. You observed that sagacious but fearfully circumspect old dame? She has a complication of heart-diseases, including one of the most rare and strange. How did I get to know it? You may well ask. But the fact is, she is a tradition among us. Two generations of students have left since it was first discovered; I form a member of the third. She had been brought to the hospital several years ago, for bronchitis, and this was then found out. Whether she knew it before, I can't say; if she did, she was singularly uncommunicative, and had no love for science. She told none, and sought to evade, without leaving a knowledge of whereabouts she dwelt. But, O'Linski, a student with a serpent's wisdom, tracked her, and took these rooms, which she serves. He was under the firm and fond impression that she must shortly die, and hoped to allure her into leaving him her body. But she didn't. He had to part, and to a junior, his confidential friend, he left her as a legacy. He, Costello, with the ardour of youth, read up all works upon the heart, in the expectation of obtaining her's at last. But he, also, had to go, and I am his legatee. For which I am wholly grateful, and have taken my precautions. You see that heap of papers? Good. They form the essay, which will obtain for me European renown—every thing is there, commencement, history, and peroration. All it wants is the kernel, and Elizabetha will afford that. She is breaking fast; she'll go before my departure; don't you think so?"

I could not answer in the affirmative; she was stout

and strong as a piece of oak in appearance; I could, however, consolingly say, "Who knows what may happen? Perhaps so."

Inspired by this hope within him springing, Considine promised to accompany me to the "pattern" of Menlo, on the morrow, being the first of May. "Yet," he said, dissuadingly, "why not come down here, and have a magnificent read? We would unearth the old theories—we would chase the thoughts of nations upon these noble subjects. We would," he added, enthusiastically, "find the most glorious excitement in beholding error falling away, and truth advancing—truths discovered, and a succeeding generation looking upon it as old-fashioned error, and a succeeding one doing justice to it. O, what a mine of mines! What precious metals! What quaint imaginings! Yet, I am not sorry to give welcome to the May. No one can enjoy it like us—we who are 'book-worms.' But not so, rather are we bees. For, whereas, the book-worm, properly so called at college, merely reads his own branch, We enter many treasures. So the so-called 'wild ones' are but book-worms after all. They have only time to read what they're to be examined in, and that not well. See them half a night in the billiard-room, drinking brain-dulling beer, or wrathful whiskey; then, again, needing strong, stimulating sports. They can't enjoy the country, if they slaughter not its dwellers, returning dilapidated and draggled-tailed to a mechanical and steam-pressure 'eram.' Think—they have no time to think or enjoy their studies."

"Have you studied the medical works in Irish at all?"

"I have not, nor Irish itself. The works are not procurable, so I won't study the language. They are very curious, I understand. But 'tis late, good night, and be on the Wood-quay early."

On the Wood-quay faithfully we met, although "early" turned out to mean eleven o'clock. Boats were there in plenty. All was gala. Streamers of green and white, and all gay colours, fluttered from slender masts, moving in varying lines up the pleasant, wide-bosomed Corrib. The air was alive with merry laughter, jest, and jibe. Joy was the order of the day, mishaps but raising a merrier laugh. Between the green shores, past old square towers, that stood lonely as herons upon the banks we sailed, tacked, and rowed, till Menlo Castle appeared, amid the spacious landscape, before us; near it the ivied ruins of an old abbey, close beside the river, and just where the river ceases to be, and the wide waters of Lough Corrib bound the horizon before us.

Philosophic sedateness barely maintained its reign upon Considine's handsome face, as we strolled from the shore, past the castle into the woods. There, in glades, were groups of snowy tents; and under some noble trees the musical tones of the soft Irish pipes and pleasant fiddle were heard; and wherever they went forth, numerous dancers surrounded them. More numerous were the on-lookers, watching with respect and an admiration not unmingled with envy, the agile performers of the jigs, whose serious but happy countenances betokened the

importance of the occupation. After a time, and after a dance or two, we turned from the ever-moving crowd, and entered a tent. There we met a table of friends, who immediately voted Considine to the chair, and nobly he filled it. Many were the jovial songs and toasts, till the chairman, casting his eyes along the table, found that all glasses were empty, and no replenishing appeared in the bottles, so the spirit of philosophy fell upon him, and, quelling the tumult with a knock, he enunciated the solemn phrase:

"Let us moralise!"

Now, this was, no doubt, good as an abstract idea, but not very likely to be adopted. And, unfortunately for the chairman's own adoption of it, a wandering and bewildered dog rushed against his legs. Now, from what cause I never could find out, but the fact stood, that he had an intense horror of the canine race. So, the moment he felt the touch, his frame thrilled with a sudden exasperation, and seizing the poor animal by the back, he flung it high into the upper regions of the tent. There it made two or three vague gyrations, and came down into the open hood of a young girl's cloak. She, horrified at the load on her shoulders, shrieked aloud, and there was sudden tumult and confusion, for no Irishman could suffer a woman to be insulted without revenge. Whilst a sharp rat-tat told that the shilelagh was at play between some of the students and the peasantry, Considine dashed to the girl's side, and made the most eloquent apologies. She looked a moment bewildered, for she did not understand a word of English, and then, very good-humoured and smiling, as she comprehended his gestures, and listened to the whisper of a very handsome girl beside her. The whisperer was evidently of a higher class, probably a well-to-do farmer's daughter, the other her servant. Her countenance was such as one seldom meets, being of surpassing beauty—if regular features, Spanish eyes, rose-tinged cheeks, raven hair, and an expression intellectual and inexpressibly alluring, can constitute beauty. Considine, seeing that she appeared to understand him, addressed himself to her, but got a quick answer in mellow Gaelic. Her servant spoke to some of the shilelagh-wielders, and I to others, and there was a reluctant quietness.

"Orro, now fat need ye spile the good sport," said one of the peasants, laughing; "sure we might have a friendly bit of play in pace." But they were stilled, and we roved down towards the boat. Then I discovered, just as we were going to push off, that Considine was no where to be seen. Running back, I met him as he was shaking hands with one of our opponents in the skirmish.

We sailed merrily down to Galway, whose twinkling lights and the murmur of whose river were welcome to me, for it was getting chilly. Having separated from the others, we turned homewards, when we became aware of a pair of students who were just at their own door. One had the reputation of being extremely grave and decorous, but, at present he was making earnest endeavours to break a lamp. He would not go indoors before he had accomplished the feat. It touched his

honour. That lamp seemed arrogant. So matters stood for half an hour; he, with great decision, but little precision, continuing his vain efforts. At last, his friend being of an obliging temper, broke the lamp, and both retired with calm demeanour. I understand the corporation received compensation from an anonymous hand, next day. Some malicious tongues attributed the whole affair to us, but 'twas false, 'twas false!

After that, the tenor of Considine's studies varied. He led me to converse about Irish, and instantly discovered its many beauties. Steadily he began to learn it; but, though I showed him how much more suitable it would be for him to attack at once the ancient forms, as the medical works were in that style, yet he proved most satisfactorily, that one should rather learn the popular idioms at first. His mind, too, as summer advanced, became more and more attracted to geology and botany. So much so, that he would delegate to me the task of taking ward over the "legacy," as Elizabetha was irreverently termed, whilst he made scientific excursions among the magnificent mountains of Connemara. His Irish studies suddenly relaxed; his botanical ardour increased.

"Be ready to-morrow," said he, after a month of this conduct, "obtain a deputy to watch over the legacy, and come along with me. One of the rarest and most magnificent plants, I have discovered; I know its habitat, but an assistant must accompany me."

"You are losing your philosophic tone entirely, my friend, but I, being your junior, shall obey."

Next day we left the city, and, under his guidance took a car, which conveyed passengers to Leenane, through the grandest of mountain scenery. There we slept for the night, and next morning, arose to go forth; my friend exacting a wonderful amount of neatness in attire, considering that we were to seek the habitat of a plant, probably among the mountains.

"Not so; 'tis on the top of no mountains. Besides, philosophy should teach you that, to be neatly dressed in cities, is a thing forced upon you, but here, it is a gratuitous and chivalric act. Why should we not do equal homage to nature's grandeur as to man's?"

I did not much object to his moralizing when I came upon the beautiful Killery bay, whither he conducted me. Taking a boat, we crossed its blue expanse, overshadowed by magnificent mountains, moulded with nature's most picturesque touch. We leaped on shore.

"Ah!" said I, "now I agree with your oft-expressed opinions, that it is the duty of a man who has entered upon the path of science, to devote himself wholly to it, in order that, increasing in knowledge above his age, he may elevate them one step higher, and"—

"What a magnificent view is this! How happily, that white cottage shines out through its cluster of sheltering trees!"

"Very fair. But, after all, what are they worth? They induce people here to live on the low level of content, dull their nobler aspirations, and, indeed, brutalize the mind, as you were saying"—

"I! I was saying nothing of the kind. Come,

never mind that style of thing. Our road lies past that cottage."

"Of course, you have not been saying it just now, but often have you impressed this high wisdom on me, and how a really scientific man, ought never to think of the time-wasting stupidities called love or marriage."

"Hallo, Considine, here you are! So this is your best man. Bravo, you're in good time. Hope you're pretty well, sir. Come in."

What a hospitable way these Connemara gentlemen have, to be sure. This was the salutation we received from the owner of the handsome cottage. And guests seemed to be an every-day occurrence here, for cars are about in great plenty. How was I Considine's best man? O, of course, it related to my college honours—precisely so. On stepping in, there were most cordial welcomings, and amid the bustle of gentlemen, and ladies all in white, I knew nothing more till, standing by Considine's side, I heard the words:

"Dost thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

Ah, now 'twas clear, we arrived just as a marriage was about to be celebrated, but why had Considine not told me he was invited?

"I do."

What! that's certainly *his* voice. *He does!* O, indeed, he did—he took her to be his wedded wife, after all his scientific loves, the shockingly inconsistent man! Where were his theories beautiful? Echo answers "fool!" 'Tis very candid of echo; but why put me into it? though one of the bridesmaids—well, no matter. The wedded wife? Why who could it be, but the exceedingly handsome Spanish-eyed maiden, who happened for a moment to look into the tent in Menlo through curiosity. Of course, she knew English, but wished to have no conversation with strange students, philosophic or not. And Elizabetha? Well, that's a sore subject. When I returned, I learned that my deputy had taken to the task with so much assiduity, that she was fairly tormented out of her life. She died in private, but sent up her heart to the medical school, with a message, "The crayters! sure, I couldn't disappoint thim, after all." On first examination, the heart was perfectly sound; on second, it was the heart of a calf; inquiries were immediately instituted, and it was discovered that "she had left £10 to her friends on condition that she should be buried in the bay, beneath the cliffs of Moher." So, what could we do? I was taking a solitary row on the same bay one evening, when a large country boat, well-manned, went quickly past. As it did so, I saw a menacing hand shaken at me, and heard a rapid voice: "Ha! you won't, you won't! He's one o' thim"—and all eyes were turned upon me, and I heard laughter dying away in the distance. Could it have been Elizabetha?

G. S

CAROLINE GRAY.

BY CAVIARE.

LEANING across the moss-browned lintel,
Happiest-hearted and light of thought,
Drinking the steam of the Autumn gardens,
In rolling yellow and purple wrought;
Came my sole sister, my own sweet Alice,
Whom West adores for her Grecian head;
Came in and said, in a side-long whisper,
"Frank, poor Caroline Gray is dead!"

"Dead and gone," said my sister Alice,
"Summer and Autumn she wasted through;
And her broken life was a gentle idyl
Of passionate hopes and prayers for you.
Ah, God receive her; you did not love her;
Now, you will love her, she is so far,
Sitting to-night with the stainless angels,
Beyond the light of the evening star."

Sadder and sadder the harvest twilight
Sank on the walnuts; and ledge on ledge
Of fiery sunset, ribbed with vapour,
Heavily glared through the wind-tossed hedge.
No feast was spread, and no lamp was lighted;
With wet face buried upon my bed,
I prayed but one wild prayer—"God forgive me,"
I knew but one great grief—she was dead!

I know the little room where she's lying,
White and chilly, with clasped hands:
The late brook lilies within her fingers,
Her raiment folded in snowy bands.
The death-lights gleaming upon her forehead,
And o'er her eyelids, fringed and frore,
Her hair, one tangle of ripe wheat splendour,
Braided in beauty for evermore.

Could I go to her, across the chamber,
Pressing my mouth to her hueless cheek,
I swear it, her tender face would brighten,
I madly dream she would rise and speak!
Speak! what could she but earned reproaches?
Back from the mourners, I slowly part—
Backward to sit, on the rainy threshold,
With the long-slain passion that fills my heart.

I would not choose that the best and dearest
Of dead companions should come to me,
And search with the eyes of his higher wisdom
My heart and its coarse idolatry;
I would not, dearest, that thou shouldst gather
Thy funeral robes around thy feet,
And touch my shoulder, and say—"Forgiven!"
Were pardon a hundred fold more sweet.

For thou would'st know me—the crooked meanness,
That finds disguise in my daily life,
The shifts that pass for a nobler nature,
The carrion quarrels that some call strife:

The mask would fall and the veil be riven
In the light of thy keen intelligence;
Rest, dumb and pallid. I dare not meet thee.
God's angels are fooled by no pretence!

What can I tell that thou know'st not?
All founts of knowledge abound for thee:
This Life is a gate of imprisoned secrets,
And Death has given the golden key.
The babe that dies on its mother's bosom,
The beggar, stiff-white, in the parish cot,
Have larger vision and keener wisdom
Than all the science of earth has wrought.

We loved, we quarrelled—we met no longer
In pleasant places. I hated you—
Hated, you for your saint-like beauty;
Hated because I knew you true.
But, dead! All the old, sweet, gracious instincts
That cling around you, begin to crave
Within my heart, and my heart throws upward
A daisied passion about your grave.

O, white face, turn unto mine in pity,
O, sweet eyes, open once more to mine;
Dear love, look out, ere we part for ever,
O'er a tearless grief that is half divine.
She goes, and the ghostly room is vacant,
Her maiden coffin is borne aloof;
Angels of God, lean over the Heavens,
And rain white lilies upon the roof!

THE "SUDDEN CALL"—

BEING A TRUTHFUL REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST.

"*Lady Macduff*.—Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?"

"*Son*.—As birds do, mother.

"*L. Macd*.—Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin."

"*Son*.—Why should I, mother? *Poor* birds they are not
set f r!"

"*L. Macd*.—Poor prattler! how thou talkest!"
MACBETH, ACT IV., SCENE II.

It is now a good many years—well nigh thirty—since a clergyman, who is at present a venerable parish priest in a rural district, was suddenly summoned to attend an urgent "sick call" in a certain well-known city of the south-west, which, for obvious reasons, shall be at present nameless. He was then a young and active curate. But young and active as he was, his strength was well nigh exhausted from almost incessant attendance on the sick and dying; for the "first cholera" was raging in the city, and, on that very day, he had already visited some threescore patients in the district confided, during the prevalence of the epidemic, to his immediate charge.

It was past eleven o'clock, and the night one of the wettest of the season. He had been on his feet, from house to house, and hospital to hospital, ever since his

hurried repast, at four in the afternoon; and was only just returned, drenched and wearied, from his day's labour. However, go he must, and so he bade old Betty, his housekeeper, tell the person who had "brought the call" that he would be with her in a few moments.

Hastily changing such portions of his dress as were thoroughly saturated, despite the protection afforded by his ample umbrella, and drawing on a pair of substantial overalls—none of your dandy Knickerbockers of latter days, but a pair in which Rip Van Winkle himself might have taken pride on such a night—he donned once more his frieze surtout, put on his felt beaver, glossy with rain, and descended, candle in hand, to the hall.

As he approached the foot of the staircase, the light fell on the features of a female who stood awaiting him in the passage, and never, even in the appalling times that were, did light reveal a more woe-begone countenance. The woman might be about fifty, though she looked much older. She had evidently been once handsome, nor had suffering or poverty yet quite effaced the marked traits of her former appearance. But the expression her features wore! It was absolutely heart-rending. Whether grief, however, or terror, or despair was in the ascendant, it was difficult at first sight to determine. Of hope, not a single ray was perceptible, though the appearance of the clergyman evidently caused the poor creature much joy.

"Oh, thank God! I found you at home, sir," was her first exclamation on seeing him.

"Where is the call, my poor woman?" asked the priest, as he laid aside his candle, and commenced wrapping his "comforter" the product of Betty's knitting needles round his neck.

"In — lane, sir," she answered tremulously.

"What?"

"Oh, don't blame me, your reverence; 't isn't my fault!" sobbed the poor creature.

"But why did you not get her removed from that infamous locality the moment she took ill? Why not send at once for the hospital porters?" asked the clergyman, as he closed the door after him, and set out with his guide.

"'Tis not a woman at all, sir. 'Tis my son that's dying. He took the sickness—the Lord save us! the minute he came to town this evening; and I'm afraid 'tis all over with him. Oh, father, God grant you'll overtake him!"

As they proceeded along, at a rapid pace, splashing through pools of water at every step—the clergyman, who was not a little surprised at getting a sick call from such a locality—one into which none but the police or the lawless ever entered—learned such particulars from his companion as he deemed requisite to prepare him for the nature of the case he was about encountering.

Twenty years before that night, the poor woman, who now trudged bare-footed beside him was one of the happiest and most comfortable farmer's wives within

sight of Knockferna. Her husband, Adam Pfeiffer, or—as his neighbours phonographically wrote it—Fifer, was what was designated in the locality "a strong Palantine farmer." Like his brother Palatines, he was, in religious matters, a Dissenter; but always lived on terms of most intimate friendship with his Catholic neighbours. With the religion of his wife, who was a Catholic, he never interfered; and not only that, but he, furthermore, permitted his two children, a son and daughter, to be baptized and brought up in the faith of their mother. Indeed, it was only on this express condition that old Davy Hartigan consented to give him his daughter in marriage, with "a fortune" of five hundred bank notes—Irish currency—paid down "on the nail," the moment the wedding ceremony was performed. For, "though Adam Pfeiffer was a thriving man," and had a "sang spot of ground," and the colleen liked him well enough, "still an' all," said old Davy, "no grandchild of mine 'll ever be reared a Palatin"—and, as long as he lived, old Davy kept his word, Adam not objecting.

Such conduct, however, did not escape the notice or animadversion of some of the folk at the "great house." They openly denounced Pfeiffer's backsliding, and threatened to have him "read out of meeting," if he persisted in such ungodliness. But Adam only snapped his fingers at their threats, and said that as long as he paid his rent and tithes, he "didn't care a button for Squire Barker, or any one else, if it went to that of it." He had his lease, and was able to meet either agent or proctor on gale day, and so gave himself very little trouble about the wrath enkindled against him at Barkerville.

To give the squire himself his due, he did not personally care one fig what religion any man was of, or if he was of any at all. This liberal (?) sentiment he frequently expressed, even in presence of his guests, at Barkerville. His notion of orthodoxy was limited to simply hating the Pope, which he did *con amore*, tho' utterly ignorant even of the name of the reigning Pontiff whom he thus conscientiously detested! His external profession of Protestantism, according to his peculiar notions of it, was of an equally limited character—his attendance at church being restricted to gunpowder-day and a few similar holidays. As for Sunday, it was post-day; and he had quite enough to do in getting through the weekly papers, without the additional trouble of listening to the hebdomadal homily. We do not at all—be it strictly understood—coincide with the worthy squire's theoretical or practical notions on this point. We merely describe him as we knew him—a jovial, careless, twelve-tumbler fox-hunter. Nor did he mean the least possible offence to any man living, when, in his official capacity, as President of the Schomberg Lodge, he drank "to h—— with the Pope," on the glorious anniversary of the crossing of the Boyne water.

But with the ladies of Barkerville it was quite otherwise. They were not twelve-tumbler people; but what they lacked in caloric, they made up in bile. They had

souls to save, they said, and therefore it was that they so yearned after the conversion of hapless Adam Pfeiffer's Popish wife and her pagan offspring! Nay, they asserted that, like unto female Davids, they would even smite hip and thigh, if necessary, that whole Philistine family, rather than have its progeny brought up in idolatry. But the phial of their wrath was concentrated for special outpouring on the head of the Jezabel of the family, as they were pleased to scripturally designate Mrs. Pfeiffer.

That good woman, however, seemed not in the slightest degree affected by this excess of zeal on her behalf. Less excitable and demonstrative than her husband, she held her peace, and quietly followed in the way her fathers had walked for ages before her. Her household was the thriftiest, and her dairy the neatest and most productive in the parish, and no one ever left her door empty-handed who came to solicit an alms in God's name. These were happy days for poor Margaret Pfeiffer. God seemed to bless and prosper her, and she was grateful and thankful for His favours. But as even the simple and good are sometimes further proved, like "gold in the furnace," so was it with her. On a dark night, towards the close of autumn, the bleeding form of her husband was brought to her door by some neighbours, who had found him lying senseless on the high road, not far from his own avenue. In a dike beside him lay the horse and car, with which he had set out that morning to market, the car broken to fragments, and the horse quite dead. The animal, which was a spirited one, had taken fright in passing a forge, and continued to dash on at a furious pace till, at a turn of the road, the car was upset, and its owner flung senseless and bleeding from it. The poor man only survived to exculpate all parties from any blame in the transaction, and make his solemn profession of faith in the religion of his wife, to which, he assured his own brother and the clergyman who received him, he had been secretly but sincerely attached, ever since he married, and practically knew what good Catholics really were.

From that sad day the poor widow's trials may be dated. With her husband's death, her tenure of the farm legally ended; and, though the old squire was unwilling to disturb so peaceful a tenant, the ladies prevailed, and "notice to quit" was forthwith served upon her, in due form, by Switzer, the bailiff. Had her father lived, she would have had a comfortable home to return to, but he had been dead for some years past, and, on his demise, her only surviving brother disposed of his interest in the paternal farm, and emigrated, with his family, to America. Thus was she left alone with her orphan children to struggle with poverty, or become rich, as we shall see, on terms at which her conscience recoiled.

The formidable "notice to quit," was, however, but a "pious fraud," intended for her good by the charitable ladies of Barkerville. It was, in fact, only a means to an end most desirable to them of attainment—to wit, the conversion of Mrs. Pfeiffer and her children. The day after the formal service of that document—so often the

death-warrant of Irish domestic happiness—in other words, on the third morning after her husband's interment, the widow was waited on by those Ladies Bountiful, and promised a full renewal of the lease, on her own terms, if she would only consent to theirs, or, in plainer language, if she would only send little David and Mary to their ladyships' schools. With her own religious opinions they, for the present, generously waived any interference. The result of the interview was, as may be anticipated, that the ladies returned home foiled in their plans of conversion, and—we were almost going to say vowing vengeance on the head of the obstinate Papist who thus refused to have her children enlightened.

Gale day came. Rent and tithes were exacted to the last farthing, and on the bleakest night that came that spring—the 25th of March—the widow and her children were houseless. It was a sad "Lady Day" for poor Margaret Pfeiffer, the first she had ever known in sorrow! Still she would have struggled on contentedly and even happily, with the little means she possessed after the sale of her effects, were it not for a new blow that suddenly and unexpectedly fell upon her—crushing all her hopes, and stamping upon her sorrowing heart an impress of affliction that was never afterwards effaced. On his tenth birth-day, the same on which he had made his first Communion, little David was taken from her, in virtue of some legal document, of which she knew nothing, and, despite all her efforts and those of her parish clergyman, sent off, she knew not where, to be brought up in conformity with the alleged religious opinions of his father. This, as we have said, was a sore blow to the poor widow, and fearing a similar fate for her darling little Mary, who was not yet quite two years old, she left the neighbourhood altogether. But her movements were closely watched; and when, at length, poverty and fever struck her down, in the purlieus of a crowded city, poor little Mary, too, was taken; and never since—and it was now seventeen years ago—had she laid eyes upon her. She ascertained, however, from what she deemed a reliable source, the precise locality, nay, the very establishment to which she had been conveyed; but, on making application there, was informed that there was no child of the name of Pfeiffer entered on the books. Nor was there!

Poor little Mary! She had got a new name, and, for long, long years, never knew that by which she was first called. The clergyman, as may be conceived, was by this time, deeply interested in the poor woman's story of which we have given a summary. In reply to his query as to how she succeeded in finding her son, notwithstanding her ineffectual effort to discover her daughter, during so long a period, she answered that the discovery was owing to the merest accident.

She had, by degrees, sunk from grade to grade of poverty, till at last—and the poor creature sobbed bitterly, as she acknowledged the humiliating fact—she became a beggar from door to door. A feeling of shame forbade her return to the locality where she had once lived in comfort: and so she remained in the city. By a church door she took her stand, and was rarely

refused an alms by the worshippers, who, whether by nature generous or otherwise, believed at least that "good works," and alms among the rest, did not go without their "reward." One morning, unfortunately, she mistook a young gentleman, who happened to pass at the time, for one of the congregation, and, as was her custom, solicited an alms "for God's sake"—suspending, for a moment, the prayers she was reciting on the rosary, which she held between her fingers. Had he simply refused her, and passed on, she would have still blessed him. But something seemed to annoy him—perhaps it was the sight of the beads, for she heard him mutter something about d—d Papists. At all events, he called a policeman who happened to be to hand, and gave her in charge for begging.

No sooner, however, had the constable laid hands on her than she recognised him. He was her long lost son, and her accuser was the new proprietor of Barkerville, Mr. Nick, who had just returned, from England to take possession of the estate on the death of his father. Had she known him, she would not for worlds have asked him for charity. But she had scarcely ever seen him, and to her son he was at this time equally unknown. He insisted on pressing his charge, and accordingly the poor mother was conveyed in custody before a magistrate, by her own child! This was but one of the bitter fruits of his conversion, for, alas! poor David, once so pious and innocent, was now thoroughly "reformed." He was not only a staunch Protestant, but an Orangeman and Freemason to boot, and, as such, a rising member of "the force," as it was in those days constituted.

As it was her first "offence," the humane magistrate dismissed the poor woman with a caution. But her son never forgot the humiliation of that morning. In the process of examination her whole history came out. Young Squire Barker slunk away, and mother and son remained face to face at the close of the investigation. Happier days and a mother's full tide of affection rushed back upon her, and she would fain have clasped him to her heart. But he coldly evaded her advances, and actually felt ashamed to acknowledge her for his mother, as she stood in silence before his comrades. Oh! it was a deep pang to her poor suffering heart that morning—to be, dragged, for the first time in her life, before a magistrate, on the charge of one whose family had so deeply injured her—and to be conveyed there, a prisoner, by her own darling Davy, who cried so bitterly at parting with her, the last time she had laid eyes on him—but, worst of all! to meet now with such a reception, after all the long years she had wept and prayed for him. No wonder she felt sad, and gave vent to that sadness in tears of bitterness, as she returned to the church, not as before, to take her stand at its porch, but to pray long and fervently, in one of its little side chapels, before the image of another sorrowing mother, to whose sorrow, however, she felt that hers was as nothing. And this reflection it was that relieved and consoled her. Before leaving, she resolved never again, by her presence, to bring a blush to her son's cheek, at the same time that she was deter-

mined not to lose sight of him altogether, still clinging fondly to the hope, that time might bring him back again to the path in which she had so carefully trained his childhood to walk.

For years she thus kept him in view. She saw him rise, step by step, till he reached the rank of head constable, and then she saw him marry a beautiful Catholic girl, the favourite of the village in which he then happened to be stationed. She was poor, and her parents thought they were acting well in giving her in marriage to one so well to do in the world. At first she was, as usual, regular in her attendance at the village chapel, and the old woman loved to kneel, unperceived, beside her, and pray for her and her husband. But soon the poor girl ceased to attend Mass, and the people said the sergeant would not allow her to go there any more. Then a little daughter was born, and its father insisted on its being baptized by the minister; but the poor mother sent it privately to the chapel to have it christened by her own clergyman. There was no one present but a poor beggar-woman, who was rarely absent from God's house whenever it was open, and she was requested to act as sponsor on the occasion. She readily complied, and no one noticed the fervor with which she clasped the little one to her bosom, when the priest had concluded the sacred rite, which he conditionally administered. And, oh! how she watched that little one grow up, and contrived, stealthily, to meet the girl that carried it out, and curtailed her own little expenditure to purchase it sweetmeats, and thought it so like her own dear little lost Mary. Another child was born, and another. But their birth seemed to bring but little joy to either parent. The poor mother seemed rapidly sinking into an early grave, and the sergeant was remarked of late to be a rather too frequent visitor at the village alehouse. Much of his pay was spent there, and, as a matter of course, his innocent family were the sufferers. Several reports had reached head-quarters against him, but he was continually shielded by the protectingegis of the Barker family, with whom the county inspector was on terms of closest intimacy, and to whom he himself was now also well known. For Mr. Nick had discovered that he was a genuine "true blue," both able and willing to get up as many successful conspiracies as that worthy scion of "gentle blood" deemed necessary for the removal of obnoxious neighbours, at the public expense.

Of late such applications, on the part of Mr. Nick, to the zeal of the sergeant were rather frequent, especially since the death of his mother, and the marriage of his youngest sister. He now kept what was styled a bachelor's house, and on more than one occasion narrowly escaped the vengeance of some of his under tenantry, whose hearth his villany had blighted. Prevention being better than cure, he resolved, henceforth, to send the guardians, in the first instance, beyond the seas, and then worry the flock at his leisure; and, at many an assizes, at which he sat as grand juror, did he find Pfeiffer a successful agent in carrying out his diabolical projects. But his protégé's confirmed habits of intem-

perance, and his brutality towards his wife and children, became at length too notorious, and, despite all remonstrance on the part of the inspector, he was dismissed from the constabulary in disgrace.

Still the young squire did not abandon him. He was as yet by far too useful an agent to be thus easily parted with. But, as Mr. Nick was as parsimonious as he was profligate, he transferred the burden of supporting him from his own shoulders to the more plethoric ones of the Irish Society, by which, after due preliminary training in the Society's Seminary, he was nominated head missionary of the Ballymacstradden district.

Mr. Nick, as we have said, was saving; and now that he had placed Pfeiffer in a "respectable position," he determined, through his instrumentality, to place himself in a lucrative one.

His neighbour, Squire Bunbury, had a maiden sister, a little ancient it is true, and rather sallow. But she was pious and rich; and as Mr. Nick did not regard personal appearance in a wife, he was quite content with her other attractive qualities, or even with one of them. There was no chance, however, of winning the smiles of Miss Diana Bunbury, or hearkening unto the chink of her gold, unless he gave up the patronage of Miss Rebecca Bloomfield, the newly-appointed mistress of the Evangelical schools of which he was patron. Miss Bloomfield was very pious, no doubt, and regularly paraded her two dozen kidnapped little girls, Sabbath after Sabbath—she never used the word Sunday—to "meeting." Still rumour went abroad that she regarded one of the commandments, at least, as decidedly apocryphal—to be "read" indeed with the rest, "for edification," but by no means reduced to practice. In a word, rumour said that the sooner she was provided for, the better for her reputation and that of the Society's "hill of truth"—for so they styled the locality of which Miss Bloomfield was mistress. In this rumour, Miss Rebecca Bunbury joined, or at least gave credence thereto.

But what was to be done with her? The very question that presented itself to Mr. Nick's mind, when old Bunbury insisted, one evening after their fourth bottle, on the schoolmistress's immediate marriage, as an essential preliminary to any further matrimonial negotiations with his sister.

"What in the world is to be done with her?" soliloquised the hopeful bachelor, as he rode home to Barker-ville late that same evening, after paying Miss Bloomfield a passing visit on his way. "I cannot part with her, and yet, confound her! that cursed old jade suspects something, and insists on her being either dismissed or married."

The moon just peered out through a cloud at the moment, and while passing on to another, would seem to have shed a ray of its light on the rather obscured intellect of the soliloquizer.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, rising in his saddle. "A capital plan, by Jove, hurrah!" and he set spurs to his horse with a mind considerably relieved of its recent anxiety.

Late as it was when he reached home, a messenger was dispatched to the residence of Pfeiffer, which was some miles distant—and next morning, at an early hour, a knock at the squire's door announced the arrival of the missionary.

"Morrow, Pfeiffer!" said the squire, with a condescending air, as his protégé entered.

"Good morrow, your honor," returned Pfeiffer, with his most cringing obeisance.

"Well, Pfeiffer, I am glad to hear you have given up the liquor. How are the classes advancing?"

"Elegant, sir. Only for those young rascals that are always calling us 'Soupers!'"

"I'm surprised at—at a man of your sense, Pfeiffer; surely you don't mind them."

"Not I, sir."

"So I thought. Well, now, Pfeiffer, I have a capital project in view for your advancement. But mind, you must continue to keep from drink. I have got a wife for you"—

"But, sir, sure I'm married already."

"Who married you?"

"Priest ——."

"Pshaw, man! I'm astonished at hearing *you* speak so. Don't you know a Popish priest has no power to marry a Protestant. I wish the old fellow were now alive, and I'd soon teach him canon law; but he died, I believe, of that infernal cholera when it passed this way. 'Twas no more a marriage than that of the crows in Barkerville rookery. I suppose you don't mean to say the crows are legally married—do you?" and the squire smiled good-humouredly.

A little more such reasoning, rendered additionally conclusive by the promise of a handsome dowry, and a snug residence on a remote district of the estate, generously volunteered by the squire, made Pfeiffer a willing convert to his views. The marriage was agreed on, but when it came to the ears of his heartbroken wife, she made immediate application to the parson of Barkerville, who, to his credit be it spoken, notwithstanding that "law and order" were arrayed on the side of Pfeiffer and his patron, absolutely refused to have hand, act, or part in the iniquitous proceeding. The squire, however, was not to be foiled in his plans, though it took more time than he anticipated to accomplish them. Miss Bloomfield was induced, on some feigned pretence—for he did not yet venture to speak of his approaching marriage—to resign her charge of the school, and proceed, for some time, to the city. His wooing proceeded favourably with Miss Diana, and, in due time, he led her as his—we cannot say blushing—fiancée to the hymeneal altar. But, as the happy cortège left the church, a voice at the porch, whose accents were well known to the bridegroom, invoked a deep and awful malediction on the parties whose union had been just blessed by a minister of religion; and as the carriage, that bore the bridal party away, swept down the avenue, it all but passed over the fainting form of poor Rebecca Bloomfield.

On his return from his pleasant honey-moon, Mr.

Nick learned that she had gone back to the city, refusing all support from him, and was now leading a most unhappy life amid the worst of its outcasts. Was it remorse that touched him, or was it that he hoped again to induce her to return? We know not; but, at all events, he immediately despatched Pfeiffer in quest of her; and so far had his employee succeeded, that he had every necessary preliminary arranged for his marriage with her on the morning subsequent to the day on which we have introduced him, through his mother, to our readers.

After a quick walk of some twenty minutes, the clergyman reached the abode of crime to which we have seen him so unseasonably summoned. It was a tall edifice, situated in a narrow lane, "well known to the police," and had evidently seen better days, though now so sadly dilapidated, and surrounded by a row of houses of much smaller size and more recent construction. A considerable flight of slippery stone steps led to the principal entrance, which was doorless. Next followed a long hall, the rendezvous, in wet weather, of all the juvenile gamblers of the court. Its boarded floor was ankle-deep with mire, and so sieve-like in its perforations that it was a marvel to the neighbourhood how drunken Bill Danagher contrived to pilot his wooden leg in safety through it, when on retiring, occasionally, for a few days, from the "stone jug," as he facetiously designated the city jail, he returned to his old quarters in the garret. Through this passage, and up four flights of banisterless staircase, creaking and groaning at every step, the clergyman followed his guide, in darkness. Indeed, a light, unless hermetically encased in a lantern, would have been useless. It could not by possibility have remained one moment unextinguished amid the howling blasts of rain-surcharged wind that met and wrangled with each other on the landings. With much difficulty they at length reached the attic storey. Here the woman stopped, and gently knocked at the door of the back apartment, and her companion, despite the darkness, could perceive that she trembled violently as she did so.

Her apprehension, however, seemed to subside when the mild, pale face of the young female who opened the door, presented itself.

"Did she come in yet?" whispered the old woman.

"No," replied the party addressed, in a tone of voice that inspired the clergyman, to whom she respectfully curtsied, with confidence.

"Thank God," exclaimed the poor woman, as she now confidently requested him to enter.

On a wretched pallet before him lay a man apparently in the prime of life, but livid and shrunken from the effects of the terrible malady that had fallen upon him.

The clergyman saw, at a glance, that the case was a hopeless one, and speedily prepared to administer the last rites of the church to the dying man. But in vain did he look around for any symbol of Christianity in that wretched apartment. There was not even a chair or table upon which he might deposit the holy oils for extreme unction. A few coarse prints hung round

the wall, and the tawdry remains of some female finery formed, with the bed, its sole furniture. Fixing the rush-light that had been before stuck against the wall, on one of the posts of the bed, to enable him to read the opening prayers of the ritual, he proceeded to hear the sick man's confession, when the females had retired. But, well versed as he was in every phase of human suffering and misery, and the resources of his ministry in alleviating both, he failed on the present occasion in eliciting anything but incoherent raving from the unhappy sufferer. Summoning the females, he despatched the younger for some hot brandy and water to an adjacent public-house, and commenced to chafe the sick man's limbs, aided by his mother.

"Oh Davy, *alanna*, won't you speak to the priest," she sobbed; "sure you were calling for him awhile ago, *achora*. Don't you remember you said 'run for him, mother!' Oh! do *asthore*, speak to the priest?"

"Priest! where is he?" he wildly exclaimed, and again relapsed into his wanderings.

"He's here, a *gra-gal*. Oh! won't you say to him you're sorry for your sins?"

At these words he made an effort to rise, and the widow's heart throbbled with hope, but he again sank back on the pillow, muttering, "too late."

"Too late," he repeated in a louder tone, and the clergyman had now some hope of awaking consciousness, and was about addressing some consolatory observation to him, when his raving returned.

"The pope in the pillory, and the pillory in——" he did not finish the sentence, but again starting up, and looking wildly round, asked for Mary.

"She'll be here in a minute, *achree*," replied the mother. But won't you think of your poor soul, Davy?"

Mary here entered the room with the cordial, which she gently held to his parched lips. The draught seemed to revive him, and he recognized her. In an instant she was clasped in his plague-stained embrace, and his hot tears mingled with her's as he asked her again and again to forgive him.

"Oh! Davy *masthore*, sure you know I forgive you. I never blamed you, but those that turned you against me. Oh! I do indeed forgive you from my heart, and God will forgive you too, if you only say you are sorry for offending Him."

He made no reply, but sank a corpse on the bosom of his deeply-injured wife, who, had not death thus suddenly cut him off, would have seen him go through the mock ceremony of wedding another. In her heart of hearts she blessed God that night for having taken her three little ones to himself ere thought or word of their's could offend Him.

The clergyman stood by for some moments utterly unable to utter a word of consolation to the two desolate hearts that were now bowed down in sorrow equal to his own by that lowly bed of death. And oh, if they could only read his thoughts, they would have seen how he would have given worlds to be able to convince himself that the scene he had just witnessed

was an exception to the general axiom, "*qualis vita finis ita*."

A neighbouring clock struck the half-hour past midnight, and having given the lonely watchers what silver he had about him, and told them to call on him again next day, he was proceeding to take his departure, when the latch of the door was raised, and a female of striking beauty, but evidently flushed with drink, stood before him.

She seemed like one petrified with astonishment, and imagined no doubt that she had mistaken some other apartment for her own.

The sight of the dead man, and the presence of a priest and two strange women in her dwelling, seemed to her inexplicable. Certainly she left no one after her when she went out that afternoon. There must be some mistake, and she was accordingly about to withdraw, when the clergyman, who now fully recognized her as one of the latest additions to the phalanx of vice in the city, desired her to remain.

The spell was broken, and she pertly demanded "what right he had to interfere with her? She did not belong to him."

He was not, however, in the least surprised; it was the favorite mode of reply of many of her class to the remonstrance of the clergyman, who, when going through his parish, occasionally found it necessary to publicly censure public scandal. No, he was not surprised, when to brazen out her infamy she protested against his right of interference, as she was not a Catholic. But great was his surprise and astonishment when his guide and companion of the evening flew toward her, and with tears and kisses, clasped her again and again in her arms, calling her, "her own darling, long lost Mary." She then gazed a moment on the pallid face of the dead, and falling on her knees, gave God thank for saving her children from even still greater infamy.

We have written enough of our sad but too-truthful history. Miss Bloomfield, the Evangelical schools mistress, the protégée of Mr. Nick, and, last of all, the forlorn outcast, was one and the same with the sweet little innocent Mary Pfeiffer kidnapped from her poor heartbroken mother, in that self-same city, long years before. And that night beside her brother's corpse, she, thanked God, with tears like the Magdalene's, for having saved her from what—bad as she was—she shuddered at the very thought of. Her conversion was as lasting and sincere as her gratitude to heaven was heartfelt, and she died soon after, the most penitent of all the penitent inmates of the convent of the Good Shepherd in that southern city, to one of whose worst localities we have been constrained by events to conduct our reader.

The good old clergyman who witnessed some of the harrowing scenes we have described, still lives, as we have said. But of Mr. Nick or Barkerville, there is not a vestige remaining, save the four moss-grown walls of the nameless mansion in which the crows now celebrate their illegal nuptials, to use Mr. Nick's own facetious phraseology. That worthy individual himself, after

spending, in scheming speculation, Miss Bunbury's ample fortune, ended his days in a private madhouse.

The Terry Alts gave his mansion to the flames one fine summer's night, and, more recently still, the hammer of the Incumbered Estates Court shivered to pieces the foundation on which Cromwell had based the family fortunes.

The new proprietor has changed the name by which, for nigh two centuries, the residence of the Barkers was known. A neighbouring Christian Brothers' school has succeeded the evangelical seminary. "Bible readers"—we mean paid ones—are at a discount in the locality; and recent events have concurred to efface from our statute-books the iniquitous enactment that enabled poor Pfeiffer to *legally* forswear his solemn matrimonial engagement; though in so doing, we must say he never dreamt of the other awful impediment to his secret marriage with Miss Bloomfield, whom he had but rarely seen, and of whose antecedents he was wholly ignorant. In a word, things are much changed for the better, at least in the district of which we write, and with every inch of which we are familiar; and so it is that we may call our narrative A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST.

THE OLD FORT.

"I AM very sorry, Mrs. O'Brien," said an old neighbour to a farmer's wife, while sitting, one summer's evening, outside a cottage door in the south of Ireland, "I am very sorry that anything ever put it into Tom's head to till that old fort there beyond. 'Tis little land is in it, 'am sure; and I never seen any good come of middlin' with the likes of it."

"Indeed, Ned Connell," replied the woman thus addressed, "I did my best to put him off it, but Tom, you know, is an obstinate man, and he would have his own way. He only laughed at me when I spoke, and said it was the best bit of land on the farm, and you might as well be whisin' jigs to a mile-stone, as to try and put anything out of Tom's head. Sorrow go from it for an old fort!"

The farmer's wife, it may be observed, was a middle-aged woman, with a kind but care-worn and melancholy expression of countenance. Her mind appeared to be deeply occupied with thought, while her fingers were actively engaged in knitting a coarse worsted stocking; and every now and then she turned her head as if listening for some sound, and heaved a deep sigh. The person with whom she conversed was a feeble, elderly man, who had come to enquire about her daughter, then dangerously ill. He was looked upon as a skilful and intelligent man in ordinary cases of sickness or accident, either in man or beast, and was an acknowledged authority on the traditions of half the barony. There was also a third person of the party, a country-woman of the poorest class, who was enveloped in an old blue cloak, and sat flat on the ground near Mrs. O'Brien's feet. The cottage, near the open door of which they sat, had an air of neatness that distinguished it from

others in the neighbourhood. A low wall, with a green palisade, prevented the approach of cattle and pigs to the door; the narrow space inside the wall had been gravelled, and a clematis with a few rose trees had been trained to the wall of the house, near one end, round a small window.

A severe fit of coughing was now heard from the interior of the cottage, the sound coming from the room to which the window overhung with climbing plants belonged. It was a hollow cough, one, which those from whom some dear friend has been snatched away by the destroying angel of consumption, would immediately recognise as a familiar sound; and it was a similar fit of coughing, just a little while before, which had given rise to the observation made by old Ned Connell, as we shall presently explain.

It is necessary to state that the O'Briens had only recently, that is some two or three years previously, come into the possession of their present farm. The former occupiers were a family named Sheehan, who had been visited by misfortune, and whose younger members had emigrated to America after the death of their parents, the farm being then given up, with their good will, to Tom O'Brien, an old neighbour, who was related to the Sheehans by the mother's side. O'Brien was a sturdy, active, industrious man, with a good deal of what people call common sense, and no ordinary amount of the quality which his wife had alluded to as his characteristic—namely, obstinacy. When he saw that a thing was right and useful, he totally disregarded the minor obstacles which might present themselves to its attainment, and he was seldom turned from his own view of a matter by the opinions of any one else. He had a son and daughter; the former, named Harry, resembling himself a good deal in disposition, and being besides moderately well educated for his position; and the latter a soft, gentle girl named Annie, endowed with considerable rustic beauty and great sweetness and amiability of temper. When the family had removed to the Fort Farm, as it was called, Annie O'Brien was a hale and sprightly girl, just entering her fifteenth year; there was not a finer pair of dark eyes than hers in all the country round, and her ruddy cheeks were the very emblem of good health. She was her mother's idol; her father and brother were usually ready enough to oblige her in any trivial request she made; and it was at her desire that the gravelled enclosure was made outside the front door, while her own hands trained the rose trees on the cottage wall.

But in a short time Annie's health was observed to decline. Some unheeded cold introduced the seeds of the fatal disease; and soon the wasting away became visible enough, and the terrible cough threatened to shake her whole frame asunder, but no one could tell how or when the disease had commenced. At the time referred to in our tale, the destroyer had seized upon her very vitals; herbs had ceased to produce any salutary effect; the worst symptoms had set in; several days elapsed since she had left her bed; she could no longer see the roses she loved, except where one cluster

hung down above the window of her room, and yet all this time, the idea did not enter into her own mind or the minds of her friends that she was on the very eve of death.

The reader may understand the effect produced on Mrs. O'Brien and her visitors by that church-yard cough which we have mentioned as coming from the little room in the cottage, but it did not divert Ned Connell from the point which he had in view.

"I never knew any good to come of middlin' with them ould places," he repeated, soliloquising.

"Musha, am' sure you didn't, nor any of us either;" chimed in the woman in the old blue cloak.

Mrs. O'Brien only responded with a heavy "Och on!" from her heart.

"I don't consider myself an ould man, though I was just seventy-two years last Candlemas," said Ned, "and I seen many changes, in my time, follow the same sort of middlin'. You know the ould fort that's up there in Monahibbeen?"

"Musha an' sure we do well," replied the two women.

"Well," resumed Ned, "I remember the time when ould John Hayes—one of the Hayes's of Coulmagogpoul, and strong farmers they were at the time—went to till that fort, and the very mornin' he turned it up, his best horse that was yoked to the plough, and there wasn't a finer horse in the parish, died on the floor with him without any reason in the earthly world; and before the year was out, he lost two cows and a heifer. So that sometimes, you see, it falls upon the bastes, and other times it falls upon the Christians. Lord betune us and harm!"

All this statement was frequently interrupted by ejaculations of surprise, or horror, or pity, from the woman in the old blue cloak, or from Mrs. O'Brien, and this accompaniment of ejaculations from some of the hearers always gives a thrilling effect to any tale of the supernatural when told among the peasantry by any of themselves.

"But sure," continued Ned Connell, "ould Frank Collins, who was an ould man at the time I am talkin' about, Lord be good to his soul, often tould me how he used to see the coach and four drive into the same fort just after night-fall."

"Oh! Vo! Vo!" exclaimed the women.

"Well, as you are talkin' of them forts," said the woman in the old cloak, "the quarest thing that ever you heard in all your life, happened to a woman o' the Caseys down in the parish of Ballinvoher, and sure 'tis often and often she tould me of it. She was the wife of lame Billy Casey, that they used to call Liam-a-vatta, I suppose you heard tell of him; and she was a likely young woman at the time, and was nursin' her first child. But behold you, she was goin' one mornin' with a couple of hanks of yarn to a weaver in Cragmore that was weavin' a piece for her, as he happened to run short of yarn; and she set out very early entirely in the mornin', as she wanted to be home in time to have the min's breakfast ready; but it was earlier than

she thought, all the while, for the moon was shinin' bright, and she thought it was the day-light was in it. Well, my dear, she was goin' until she came to the risin' in the road, about half a mile the other side of the forga, where there is an ould fort or Cahereen, as they call it, and there she seen a house, and she was just thinkin' within herself that she never seen a house in that place before, when she seen a man lookin' from the door of the house. He was stooped down a little, and was leanin' against the jamb of the door, lookin' out, and she heard the cry of a child inside the house.

'Who knows, ma'am,' said the man, as she was passin', 'but you'd be kind enough to step in a bit, and give the breast to a child that's cryin', as its mother is not at home?' 'Indeed I will, with all my heart,' says Mrs. Casey, although at the same time she felt a sort of dread come over her. And so she did go in, and there she saw a cradle and a fine child in it, and it crying for the bare life, and she took it up, and sat down with it, and gave it the breast, and it stopped cryin' in an instant. She then began to look round her, and she seen an ould man and woman sittin' each side of the fire. They were both as ould, and withered, and miserable lookin' as anything ever you seen, and they both seemed to be greatly troubled about somethin'. 'Do you know where you are now? ma'am,' says the man that asked her to come in. 'Not a know I do, then indeed,' says Mrs. Casey, 'for I don't remember me that I ever seen this house afore.' Well, then, I'll tell you,' says the man, 'and you are now among the fairies.' 'O murder! murder!' says Mrs. Casey, 'will you let me out of this?' 'Do you see that ould couple there near the fire?' says the man; 'well they are goin' to die to night, and to be put in the place of a young man and a young woman in the next parish, and that is what's frettin' them,' says he; and sure enough, it was about that very time that Tom Stokes, the shoe-maker of Gurteenard, and a young woman of the Donovans near Ballintemple, were taken, and every one of the neighbours knew very well that it was struck they were, for you never saw such atomies as was left instead of them, Lord save us and purtect us! But behold you, the man then says to Mrs. Casey, 'I am very much obliged to you entirely,' says he, 'for your kindness, says he, 'and for your reward, any three wishes you like to make, you will get them.' 'Oh, for God's sake let me out of this,' says Mrs. Casey, 'and that is all I want from you.' 'You had better think of yourself again, my good woman,' says the man, 'before you refuse my offer,' says he; 'you will get any three things you wish for,' says he. 'I don't want any thing from you but only to let me out of this, I tell you again,' says Mrs. Casey, and so she was taken at her word, and let away, and from that minnit she didn't see one sign of the house, but only the ould Cahereen in from the road in the moonlight."

"Oh! what a fool she was," exclaimed Mrs. O'Brien.

"She lost her chance, any how," observed Ned Connell.

"Musha, that's just what I said to her," rejoined the

narrator. "Musha, bad look go from you, Mrs. Casey, says I, why didn't you wish for somethin' good, when you got the offer? why didn't you get the power of curin' the people, and get a purse of goold for yourself?"

"As for their goold," interposed Ned Connell, "I believe it ginerally turns out to be somethin' not worth much."

"Musha, I believe so," resumed the woman, "but howsomever, Mrs. Casey tould me, as I tell you, that she was frightened almost out of her life, and she thought she never would get her foot outside the threshold alive. So you see she didn't gain much by the fairies."

Ned Connell all this time felt that they had strayed away from the more important subject. He wanted to show the danger of interfering with the old raths or Danish forts, as they are popularly called, and to this point he wished to bring back the conversation.

"There was one Robert Fitzgerald lived on this townland a long time ago; indeed, I think he was dead before you were born, Mrs. O'Brien."

"I often heard my mother speak of ould Robert Fitzgerald, and sure; but indeed I think, Ned, he was not livin', as you say, when I was born," observed Mrs. O'Brien.

"Well, you see that bush growin' on the side of the fort, yonder?"

"We do, and sure," responded the woman in the old cloak; and so they might, for the old fort was scarcely twenty perches from the spot where they were sitting.

"Well," resumed Ned Connell, "ould Robert Fitzgerald tould me, that he heard the finest music in the world comin' from that white-thorn bush. He couldn't say whether it was the fiddle, or the bagpipes, or what it was, but the music was the finest he ever heard in all his life. It was after that time that Rody Sheehan, that lived and died in this house, 'rest his soul, cut down the biggest half of the bush to stop a gap where the cattle used to be goin' in and out. He didn't think it was any harm to cut it, I suppose, but indeed, indeed, I don't think he was much the better for it ever after."

Just at this moment Mr. O'Brien and his son returned home from a meadow where they had been saving hay, and after saluting the visitors, the father's first word was an enquiry about his sick child. Mrs. O'Brien did not seem to heed the question, but said in rather a peevish tone, "Tom, I tell you, you must give over tillin' that ould fort."

"What puts that into your head, Peggy?" said O'Brien; "I suppose," he continued, "this is some of Ned Connell's talk, and I am afraid he says a great deal more than his prayers."

"Whatever puts it into my head," rejoined his wife, "I tell you I will not give you any rest in the matter; and indeed you need not turn upon poor ould Ned Connell about it in that way."

"Whatever I said, Mr. O'Brien," observed the old

man thus alluded to, "it was only for your good and the good of your family."

"Indeed I am sure of that, Ned," said O'Brien, mollified, "but it's great nonsense for this woman to tell me what I must do, or must not do with the land."

"Wait, mother," said young O'Brien, laughing, "wait until you see what a heap of manure we will turn out of it when we level the ditch of the old fort altogether."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said his mother angrily, "you will never level it while there is breath in my body."

"Why, mother, who knows but we might find a pot of gold in it," said the young man, still laughing; "and," he added, "you know very well that John Doran, over there, levelled an old mound that was opposite his door, not many years ago, and nobody knows all he found in it, but at all events neither he nor his family has been a bit the worse for it ever since; and," he continued, addressing himself to old Ned Connell, as his father and mother had both gone into the sick girl's room, "I don't believe but they found more in the mound than they pretended. The great stones that were in the centre of it, were moved into the haggard, and put under the corn stacks, and as to the old bones, they were scattered to the winds, but surely there was something else in it that they did not acknowledge."

This elicited no remark from the old man, and we may take the opportunity of the pause which ensued for a few words of explanation on the subject of our tale.

We find that the old circular or polygonal enclosures so numerous throughout Ireland, and popularly known as "Danish Forts," were so called at least some two or three hundred years ago, so that the error respecting their origin must be tolerably ancient; although it is quite certain that they were never constructed by the Danes or used by that people at all, and that they were, on the contrary, the residences of the aboriginal inhabitants of Ireland, who erected their hurdle houses within them, and also penned their cattle in them in times of danger. It is fortunate for the preservation of our national antiquities, that some feeling even akin to superstition should interpose to save those venerable remains from destruction, but although such a feeling does exist, the instances are too numerous in which it has not had that desirable effect. Wherever, in fact, the enclosures in question have been constructed of stone, it would appear that the materials have been unscrupulously employed in the formation of the neighbouring fences, nothing being left but the mere traces of the foundation, except in some very few cases, as in the Firbolgic *duns* of Aran; but where the enclosing mound was of earth, as it generally was where earth was at hand, it has been respected by the husbandman in a number of cases absolutely countless. Still we know many instances in which even these earthen raths have been either entirely effaced, or partially destroyed by running farm roads through them, or employing the earth to increase the surface of the adjoining fields.

The destruction of the sepulchral mound or tumulus

mentioned above by young O'Brien has come under our own knowledge, and it was a piece of vandalism the more to be lamented as the monument was particularly interesting in connection with the traditions of the neighbourhood, and as its contents were wholly dispersed or destroyed without examination. We may still further observe that the kind of education so generally diffused at present among the class of our population to which O'Brien belonged, while it helps no doubt to remove many silly errors and prejudices, is so utterly destitute of any national element as to weaken or obliterate in many cases the veneration for the traditions and antiquities of our country. Not only are the pupils of such a system left in profound ignorance of our history, but they are very apt to be impressed with a notion either that their country has no history, or if it has, that it is not worth knowing. Young O'Brien was precisely a person on whom this kind of half education had the effect which we deprecate. He entertained a thorough contempt, of course, for all the superstitious of his more ignorant neighbours; but he also erroneously confounded with superstition many ancient traditions of the people, of the origin of which he had no conception; he was quite incapable of feeling those generous and poetic emotions which even such a knowledge of the history of his race as oral tradition had until recently kept alive among the peasantry, was capable of inspiring; that knowledge might now be more easily and correctly obtained from books, but it never entered as an element into his education; and of course those venerable remains, called forts or raths, which were still ancient a thousand years ago, had no better claim to his respect than any of the ordinary hedges or ditches about the country. Taking old Ned Connell as a representative man of our peasantry of the olden time, with all his faith in fairies, and all his primeval traditions, he was much more intellectual to our mind than Master Henry O'Brien, with his smattering of ill-digested and easily acquired knowledge, and his utterly common-place stock of ideas.

To return to our story. Not many days elapsed until the *keena* was raised for poor Annie O'Brien, and the neighbours gathered together to accompany her remains to their last resting-place. She fell with the leaves in October, and her death left a sad void in the cottage at the Fort Farm. Her mother never after held up her head, and her father was quite subdued from his old stern ways.

"Tom achree," said Mrs. O'Brien one day, "sure you wont till that ould fort any more? sure you wont?"

"Indeed I wont, Peggy, if it pleses you," replied Tom; "and to be candid with you," he added, "'tis little advantage I got by tilling it at all, for the potatoes all ran into stalks in it, and had no return worth talkin about."

But poor Tom's own days were numbered. It happened that at a fair he suffered more from cold and wet than usual, and the consequence was a fever, from which he recovered, but only to find that his constitution was broken down. Some relative of his then significantly hinted to Mrs. O'Brien, that the consumption was in his

family. The young plant went first, and the old was rapidly following it, the same fatal disease having eaten into the vitals of both. Mrs. O'Brien imagined that very little was left to her in the world when her beloved daughter was gone, but now that she saw her husband going also, she perceived that her former loss was nothing to the impending one, and she felt as a person on the very brink of despair. The necessity of performing her duties to the sick man alone sustained her energies.

One day early in spring, and long after her poor husband had ceased to leave his bed except to be assisted to the kitchen fire-side, Mrs. O'Brien stood at her cottage-door breathing the fresh air, and looking around her at objects, every one of which only made her heart sink lower and lower.

"Lord bless me!" she muttered to herself, "I wonder is it my eyes that is failin me, or what in the earthly world is the matter with me! I can only see half of the ould fort."

She rubbed her eyes, and again gazed at the old fort, and again muttered—"Lord save us! I wonder did the ground swallow it, or is it blind I'm gettin!"

"Harry, a coshla," she said, as her son approached, "I don't know in the world what's comin over me, for I can't see only half of the ould fort."

"Faith, mother, that's all that I can see either," replied her son.

"And what happened it, Harry?" she said.

"Well indeed, nothing in the world," he replied, "nothing, only I removed it, because, you see, 'twas in the way of the plough."

"Ah! Harry, Harry, is that the way you have obeyed me?" said the mother, casting one upbraiding look at him, and the poor woman then retired into a corner of her room and wept bitterly. It was not a superstitious fear of injuring the old fort that now fretted her, but her son's disobedience that stung her to the heart. Reflecting how soon she would be following her husband's bones to the grave, she felt that all was now gone indeed, and that her last ties on earth were unhinged.

And so the time came round quietly enough for another funeral from the Fort Farm. There was a large gathering of the neighbours on this second sad occasion, for Tom O'Brien was respected in all the country round; and as the people collected in small groups about the yard and garden, and in the breen leading to the cottage, and up in the old fort, waiting for the corpse to be taken out, they all spoke most favourably of his character. "He was a decent, honest man," said one. "He was an honest man, indeed, and a good neighbour," observed another. "Musha, he was, and a hard-workin' poor man," chimed in a third. "He hadn't a crooked turn in him," said another; and so on, every one having some kind word to say of the deceased; and all the while the wailing of the Irish cry issued loudly from the cottage. The widow poured out her grief in agonizing tones, several relatives also cried, and it was hard for any heart to withstand the sound of lamentation without being affected.

"God help the poor family," said one of a group of

neighbours waiting in the farm-yard. "Musha, what signifies the family after all," observed another, "for sure 'tis shortly the ould woman will last now, and I may say there's no one else dependin' on him." "How soon they all melted away!" was the observation of another. "He never did much good since the daughter died," remarked one of the speakers, "and isn't it quare," he added, "that 'twas twelve months nearly to the day between the death of the father and the daughter." "You're just right," remarked another. "Faith and sure I am," was the rejoinder, "for wasn't it the day after the fair of Ballintimpul that Annie O'Brien was buried, and sure the same fair day was last week?"

"Does any of ye know how the daughter wint?" asked one of the party, in a tone which was as much as to say that he did.

"Faith, and sure we don't," was the reply.

"Did ye never hear," said the former speaker, who was none other than old Ned Connell, "how she fell asleep in the ould fort, and how when she awoke she found the pieces of silver money in her lap, and how she put up the money when she went into the house, and how the next day she found nothing in their place but as many withered leaves as there were pieces of silver?"

"Well, well," ejaculated the listeners, not one of whom doubted the truth of the statement.

"And from that day to the day of her death," continued Ned, "she never was well; and indeed I think it would be better for the family all through, if no one of them ever had a hand in the same ould fort."

All agreed that it was not safe to meddle with such old places, and that at all events, they would not touch them themselves; and each of them could relate several stories to enforce the point if necessary. And thus did they discuss the matter while they accompanied poor Tom O'Brien's coffin to the grave.

It is needless to add another death to the sad catalogue here enumerated, by following the brief remainder of Mrs. O'Brien's career to its close. Harry O'Brien soon after finding that things did not go on very successfully with him, resolved to seek his fortune in a country better suited to his intellectual development, and so he emigrated to America; and old Ned Connell, creeping slowly along the road of an evening, in conversation with a neighbour, could not help remarking how soon the O'Briens melted away like the Sheehans. His own back was considerably more stooped than formerly, and when he thought of all the old neighbours who had vanished from his sight, he began to feel, especially after his seventy-fifth summer, that he himself was growing old.

From the coincidence of some of the events mentioned in this simple tale, we would not draw any conclusion favourable to the peculiar superstition which it illustrates. Far be it from us; but we would ask our readers to treat with some respect such venerable remains of our national antiquity as the OLD FORT.

M. H.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AFTER READING "GILBERT'S HISTORY OF DUBLIN."

LONG have I loved the beauty of thy streets,
Fair Dublin! Long, with unavailing vows,
Sigh'd to all guardian deities, who rouse
The spirits of dead nations to new heats
Of life and triumph:—vain the fond conceits,
Nestling like eaves-warmed doves 'neath patriot brows;
Vain as the Hope, that from thy Custom House,
Looks o'er the vacant bay in vain for fleets.
Genius alone brings back the days of yore—
Look! look what life is in these quaint old shops—
The loniest lanes are rattling with the roar
Of coach and chair; fans, feathers, flambeaus, fops,
Flutter and flicker thro' yon open door,
Where Handel's hand moves the great organ's stops.

D. F. MAC CARTHY.

NOCTES LOVANIENSES.

FRANCISCAN MONASTERIES OF GALWAY, ROSSERILLT, KENALEHEN, AND CREEVELEA.

"THE Franciscan monastery of Galway," resumed the Provincial, "was founded by William de Burgh, surnamed *Liagh* (the gray), in the year 1296, outside the city wall, and in the fair little island called after the protomartyr—*Insula S. Stephani*. The illustrious founder spared no expense to render this monastery one of the finest in Ireland, and, indeed, the spacious dimensions of its church, the rich marble of which it was constructed, and the splendour of its altars, are so many irrefragable evidences of the piety and taste of the noble De Burgh. He lived to see it solemnly consecrated, and when dying ordered that his remains should be laid in the gorgeous monument which he caused to be built for himself and his posterity, right under the shadow of the grand altar. When I visited Galway, the tomb of the founder,* like those of most of the chief families of the neighbourhood, was in good preservation, but particularly that of De Burgh, round whose recumbent effigy I read the following inscription: '*Memorie Illmi Domini Gul. de Burgo, Sue Nationis principis et hujus monasterii fundatoris qui obiit 1324.*' The endowments which De Burgh made to this monastery were very numerous, and consisted of water-mills upon the river, and the tithes of some acres of arable land near the city; and, that our friars should never lack fish, he ordained that on every Wednesday they should be supplied with one salmon out of the great weir, on every Saturday with three out of the *high weir*, and on the same day with one out of the hawl-net, and with all the eels that might be taken one day in each week out of the many eel weirs on the river.

"As an instance of the high esteem in which the Franciscans of Galway were held by the Court of Rome, I should not omit to tell you that, in 1381, Pope Urban VI. authorised the guardian of that venerable house to ex-

communicate every one within the borders of Connaught who presumed to adopt the party of the anti-Pope Clement VII., whose abettors were very numerous in France, Naples, and Scotland. That, in sooth, was a disastrous era to the Church, when cardinals, kings, and laymen contested the legitimacy of the election of the two rival Pontiffs, the one in Avignon and the other in Rome; but, be it recorded to the honor of our Galway brethren, that they adhered with unalterable fidelity to Pope Urban, the rightful successor of Gregory XI., who, at the instance of St. Catherine of Siena, re-established the residence of the Popes in Rome, after an interval of seventy years, which the people of that city termed the seven decades of the Babylonish captivity.

"I may say, unhesitatingly, that the Galway monastery had as many benefactors as any other house of our order in Ireland; for, indeed, the inhabitants of that ancient city loved our habit, and never tired of ministering to the maintenance of our brethren. The largesses of the rich and noble helped to keep the buildings in good repair, and the poor man was ever ready with his mite, to promote the same object. Indeed, the Register which records the multitudinous bequests and legacies of the townspeople to that monastery is still in the possession of one of our brethren in Galway, and on turning over its pages I found ample evidence of the love and veneration which the citizens of every grade always cherished for our institute. How many instances could I adduce of their almost princely munificence! but I must restrict myself to mentioning only a few of the many which, I trust, will never be forgotten. Thus, for example, as I learnt from the Register, Edward Philibyn, a wealthy merchant, rebuilt the dormitory for our friars in 1492; and in 1538, John French, then chief magistrate of the city, erected the beautiful chapel on the south side of the monastery, in honor of God and St. Francis, and for the good estate of his own soul and the souls of his posterity. As for the tombs of the distinguished denizens of Galway and its neighbourhood who selected our church for their last resting-place, let it suffice to say that they are very numerous, and splendid productions of the sculptor's chisel. De Burghs, Lynches, Fitz-Stephens, and O'Flaherties, moulder there beneath marble monuments, exquisitely wrought, rich in heraldry and pompous epitaphs, recording many a high achievement on the battle-field, in the senate, and in the mart. Apart from those gorgeous monuments—last efforts of human vanity if you will—there is, in the south side of the choir, an humble cenotaph, sacred to the memory of a truly great man, whose extensive and profound erudition reflects honor on the Franciscan order of which he was, in sooth, a most distinguished ornament. I speak of Maurice O'Fihiley, or Maurice de'Portu, whom Julius II. advanced to the archiepiscopal see of Tuam, in 1506. From what I have been able to learn of this wonderful scholar, it appears that he was a native of Baltimore, in the county of Cork, and took the surname 'De Portu,' from the celebrated haven on which that town is situated. Having completed his studies in Padua, he for a long time

taught philosophy in that learned city, and earned a world-wide reputation by the variety of his writings, some of which were not published till after his death. His principal works are 'Commentaries on Scotus,' a 'Dictionary to the Scriptures,' the 'Enchiridion Fidei,' or a Manual of the Faith, which he dedicated to the Earl of Kildare; 'The Compendium of Truths,' in Leonine meter, and many others which it would be superfluous to enumerate. This truly learned man was corrector* of the press for that far-famed printer Benedict Locatelli, and filled the same place in the printing establishment of Octavian Schott, at Venice. Having assisted at the early sessions of the Council of Lateran, (1512,) and returned to Ireland in the following year, he landed at Galway, where he fell sick and died in our convent there. Few indeed have won greater renown in the republic of letters, and well did he deserve the epithet bestowed upon him by the learned men of his day, who justly styled him 'Flos Mundi.†' Two of his successors in the see of Tuam, Thomas O'Mullaghy‡ and Christopher Bodkin,§ await the resurrection in the same humble tomb.

This venerable monastery, however, was doomed to share the fate of most of our other houses in Connaught, and accordingly, in the year 1570, the greater part of its possessions was wrested from the friars, and granted to the corporation of Galway, and their successors. As for the convent and church they were both assigned to an individual who, *pretending to have adopted the doctrines of the Anglican religion, in order to accommodate himself to the times,*|| contrived withal to do great services to our brotherhood when they were banished from their ancient precincts. Nothing indeed could have been more strange than the conduct of this anonymous grantee, for he possessed himself of the old conventual register, in which all legacies bequeathed to our friars were entered, and not only did he vigorously enforce the payment of the amounts, but he actually handed them over to the community (then residing in a house which they rented in the city), in order that all such pious donations might be expended on the repairs and preservation of the ancient edifice. Furthermore, as the island on which the monastery stands belonged to him, he could not be induced to part with a single perch of it at any price, no matter how tempting, and instead of letting it to others, he built there sundry handsome houses which accommodate upwards of fifty persons, together with three water-mills for grinding corn. It was during the construction of the latter that the weir which formerly belonged to the Franciscans was demolished. From the earliest times, too, it was customary for all vessels coming up the river with wood and other sorts of fuel, to give a little of it by way of alms to our friars, and strange as it may seem this anonymous benefactor still insists on the observance of the usage,

* In the early ages of printing the office of "corrector," was conferred on none but the most learned.

† The World's Flower.

‡ Obijt 1536.

§ 1572.

|| Father Mooney does not give this individual's name, but simply mentions him thus—"Simulat se hareticum esse ut temporari serviat."

and thus supplies our brotherhood in the city with coal and fire-wood. He also maintains the ancient immunities of St. Stephen's Island, so much so, that he will not allow the mayor to carry his insignia beyond the middle of the bridge (leading to the island), which in the olden time marked the limit of the municipal jurisdiction in that quarter. Two customs which struck me as very peculiar, are still observed in the city of Galway, and so remarkable are they that I think them worth recording. First, almost every one who has anything to leave when dying, bequeaths a proportionate sum for the preservation and repairs of the monastery; and secondly, vast numbers of the citizens of every age, sex and condition, go each evening at sunset, to that venerable old church to pour out their hearts in prayer to God, who, I doubt not, will one day reward their most edifying piety. I have already told you that at the time of my visit to Galway the monastery and church were in excellent preservation, but I should not forget to mention that in 1603, James the First of England, granted both to Sir George Carew and his heirs for ever. Thenceforth our venerable church was turned into a profane court-house, where judges appointed by Chichester, the lord deputy, held assizes for the town and county. Alas, it was heart-rending to witness such desecrations, and the tears fell fast and hot from my eyes, when, on entering the holy edifice I found it crowded with litigants, the pulpit turned into a witness box, the choir and chancel adapted to accommodate a multitude of noisy lawyers, and worst of all, the grand altar transformed into a bench for a bloated judge, who was entirely ignorant of the language and customs of the people. Witnessing the sad spectacle, I was forcibly reminded of that passage in the Psalms: *Tunc imponent super altare tuum vitulos— "Then shall they lay calves upon thine altar."* I have nothing further to add to this meagre account of our once splendid monastery of Galway, except that I was not able to ascertain what had become of its altar-plate and rich vestments, all of which had fallen into the hands of our implacable enemies. A few Franciscans still continue to live in the house which Father Maurice Ultan rented for them in the city, and their zeal is of greatest benefit to the townspeople, as well as to those of the suburbs.*

"Another house," continued the provincial, "where I spent some days during my visit to Connaught, pleased me almost as much as did that of Moyne. I now speak of the beautiful and spacious church and monastery of Rosserilly, or, as it is called by the Irish, Ros-Irial,

* Some years after Mooney's visit to Galway, that is to say in 1611, Valentine Blake Fitz-Thomas, who was the mayor, built a mortuary chapel for himself and his posterity on the south side of the choir; and in 1642, Richard Martin of Dungorrie bequeathed a considerable sum for the erection of a chapel in the same monastery. In 1643, Father Valentine Brown, then guardian, caused the ancient church to be re-opened, and Mass was sung there for the first time since its suppression. The same guardian, whose name figures in Rinuccini's despatches, repaired the founder's tomb, and spared no pains to restore the sacred edifice,

which is situated in the diocese of Tuam, and within eight or nine miles of that ancient city. Who its founder was I have not been able to ascertain, but there can be no doubt that it was erected for Franciscans, in the year 1351. Never was a more solitary spot chosen for the habitation of a religious community than that on which Rosserilly stands; for it is surrounded by marshes and bogs, and the stillness that reigns there is seldom broken save by the tolling of the church bell, or the whirr of the countless flocks of plover and other wild birds that frequent the fens which abound in that desolate region. Another remarkable feature of the locality is that the monastery can only be approached by a causeway paved with large stones, over an extent of fully two hundred paces, and terminating at the enclosure which was built in 1572, by Father Ferrall M'Egan, a native of Connaught, and then provincial of the Irish Franciscans. He was, in sooth, a distinguished man in his day, famed for eloquence and learning, and singularly fond of Rosserilly, which he used to compare to the Thebaid, whither the early Christians fled for prayer and contemplation. He died in our house of Kilconnell, where he made his religious profession, and there he awaits the resurrection—peace to his memory!

"As for the church of Rosserilly, it is indeed a beautiful edifice, and the same may be said of the monastery which, although often garrisoned by the English troops during the late war, is still in excellent preservation. Cloister, refectory, dormitory, chapter-house, library, and lofty bell-tower have all survived the disasters of that calamitous period; but in the twenty-sixth year of the reign of Elizabeth the friars were forcibly expelled from their beloved retreat, and monastery and church were, by a royal ordinance, granted to an Englishman, who laid sacrilegious hands on our vestments, altar-plate, books, and muniments, leaving us nothing but bare walls and the rifled tombs of our benefactors.

It was not long, however, till the friars returned to Rosserilly, for that good and great man, the Earl of Clanricarde,† took pity on them, and having purchased the Englishman's interest in the monastery, restored them to their venerable abode. Thenceforth the community of Rosserilly consisted of six priests and two lay brothers, who laboured indefatigably for the repairs of the sacred edifice, till Daniel, the Protestant Archbishop of Tuam, at the instance of Sir Arthur Chichester, then Lord-deputy, drove them out once more, and caused the altars to be demolished. In justice, however, to this pseudo-bishop, who was deeply learned in the Irish

from which the friars were ultimately ejected in 1652, when Cromwell's soldiers, under Governor Stubbers, destroyed the church and its rich monuments. Stephen Lynch, Francis Birmingham, and Francis Burke were members of the Franciscan Community of Galway, and distinguished themselves by their learned works, published at Rome, where they died about 1690. They were all educated at St. Isidore's, and inherited the love of erudition which we trust shall always distinguish the students of that venerable house, on which the memory of Wadding and Harold confers everlasting lustre.

† Ulick, third earl of Clanricarde, who died in 1601.

language, I must say, that although authorized to arrest the friars, he did not do so, but rather sent them word privately that he was coming, in order that they might have time to save themselves by flight. In fact, he acted against his own will and in obedience to the Lord Deputy's commands. * * *

"How strange," interrupted Father Purcell, "that the Earl of Clanricarde should take such interest in the safety and well-being of our poor friars!"

"Indeed," replied the Provincial, "it was only natural that he should comport himself so, for his mother* was a true benefactress to our order, as you will see by what I am going to tell you. In the diocese of Clonfert, and on the declivity of Slieve-Aughty, in a place almost as solitary as Rosserilly, we had a small but handsome monastery and church, called Kenalehyn, founded by the De Burghos, some time in the fourteenth century. It was, indeed, a fair building as friar could wish to see, and the few acres of land with which it was endowed yielded all that was necessary for the maintenance of a small community. Its gardens and orchards were the best in the whole district, and, as I said before, its situation—far away from public thoroughfares, and in the immediate territory of the Earls of Clanricarde—protected it for a considerable time from the inroads and devastations of the English soldiery. In the late war, however, both monastery and church were burnt to the ground by Sir Richard Bingham; but the moment the intelligence of the catastrophe reached the ears of the most noble lady, (the actual earl's mother,) she ordered that the church should be re-roofed, and a wing of the monastery made habitable for the community. Nay more, the present earl and Richard de Burgho,† surnamed the Red, rebuilt the dormitory and other appurtenances of the place, and purchased the entire from the Crown, rather than allow it to fall into the hands of the Protestants. How truly doth holy writ say that a good tree beareth good fruit!

"And yet," remarked Father Purcell, "the present earl, whom you have so much lauded, was dubbed *Richard of Kinsale*, for the services he rendered the English when they beleagured the Spaniards in that town."

"Tis, alas too true," replied the Provincial, "and, indeed, the Anglo-Irish nobles always sided with our enemies; nay, and incited multitudes of the Irish themselves to swell the ranks of our oppressors. Withal, it would be unjust to deny the De Burghos that gratitude which our order owes them, for they were always among the best and most distinguished of its benefactors; but let me resume, and conclude what remains to be said of Rosserilly. In 1604, the munificence of "*Richard of Kinsale*" enabled the community to repair the monastery and church which, as I have already told you, was considerably dilapidated during the late war; and in that same year our friars buried within its precincts‡

* Honora, daughter of John Burke of Tullyreay.

† He was the fourth Earl of Clanricarde, and died in 1635.

‡ In Geraghty's edition of the Four Masters there is a remarkable blunder regarding this fact, for the translator mistook Ross-Irrelagh, or Muckruss, Killarney, for Rosserilly, near Headford, county Galway.

one of the noblest and bravest heroes of whom his country could boast, namely, Bryan Oge O'Rourke, son of Bryan-na-Murtha,§ of whose glorious death you, doubtless, have heard."

"Methinks," replied Father Purcell, "that he was executed in London, but I confess that I am not acquainted with the circumstances which brought him to the scaffold."

"Listen, then," continued the Provincial, "for it will not take long to narrate them, and, indeed, they deserve to be recorded. When some of the ships of the ill-fated Armada went to pieces on the coast of Sligo, Bryan-na-Murtha O'Rourke, pitying the Spaniards who appealed to him for protection, not only sent them immediate aid, but invited them and their chief officer, Antonio de Leva, to his castle of Dromahere, where they were entertained with unbounded hospitality. O'Rourke's conduct, however, provoked the vengeance of the queen, who ordered her deputy, Fitzwilliam, and Sir Richard Bingham, to waste with fire and sword the principality of Breffny. As for the chieftain himself, he was obliged, after some ineffectual resistance, to fly into Scotland, where he was arrested by order of James VI., now King of England, who perfidiously sent him in chains to London. Arraigned on a charge of high treason, the noble-minded chieftain refused to bend his knee before the insignia of royalty; and, when taunted by one of the privy councillors that he used to make no difficulty about kneeling in presence of images of saints, he coolly replied that there was a very wide difference between images of holy personages and the men with whom he was then confronted. Sentence of death being recorded, he was soon afterwards led to the place of execution, where he was met by that vile apostate, Myler M'Grath, pseudo-Archbishop of Cashel, who strove in vain to make him abjure the faith, but O'Rourke spurned him as a renegade dog, and died a true son of holy Church."||

"Alas, alas!" interrupted Father Purcell, "M'Grath's apostacy is a sad reflection on our seraphic institute—is the wretched man still living?"

"You might as well say, dear brother," replied the Provincial, "that Lucifer's fall reflected disgrace on the faithful angels. Scandals, you know, have been and must be, as we learn from holy writ. M'Grath is still alive, extremely old,¶ and bedrid, cursed by the Protestants for alienating the revenues and manors of the ancient see of Cashel, and derided by the Catholics, who are well acquainted with the drunken habits of himself and his coadjutor, Knight.** Nevertheless, from all I have been able to learn of M'Grath, there is some reason to hope that he will return to the Church; and, if I be not misinformed, he would now gladly exchange

§ Of the ramparts.

|| In 1591.

¶ He died in 1622, aged one hundred.

** In Harriss's Ware we are told, that Knight "grew weary of the coadjutorship, and returned to England, because he had appeared drunk in public, and thereby exposed himself to the scorn and derision of the people."

the Rock of Cashel for that of the Capitoline, where he spent his youth in Araceli.*

"Let us now come back to O'Brien Oge O'Rourke, who, when the news of his father's death reached Ireland, was duly inaugurated in his stead. This worthy son of a martyred sire distinguished himself in many a glorious action during the Elizabethan war, and particularly in that far-famed fight near Boyle, where he and O'Donel routed the English, under Clifford, on the memorable feast of the Assumption.† Ever active and indefatigable in the service of his religion and country, he marched with O'Donel to Kinsale, and did his utmost to retrieve the disasters of that fatal day, holding out to the last, till the usurpation of a step-brother compelled him to return home and reassert his rights over the principality of his fathers. Thenceforth his castle of Leitrim became the refuge of such of the Irish chieftains as still held out against the English, in the hope of obtaining succour from Spain.‡ In that hospitable mansion he sheltered M'Guire of Fermanagh, and the O'Sullivans, after their unparalleled march of a hundred leagues, in the depth of winter, from Glengariff to Breeffny; and beneath its walls he routed, with signal slaughter, a large body of troops commanded by Lambert, Governor of Connaught, and Captain Bustock, who was slain in the field.§ The treason, however, of his step-brother, who was supported by the English, ultimately succeeded, and the gallant chieftain, deserted by his followers, after making terms for his life, returned to Galway, where he fell sick and died of a broken heart. His last wish was that his remains should repose in the cloister of Rosserilly, and our friars took care to see that wish fulfilled; for in the month of January, when the snow lay thick on the roads, the funeral cortège, accompanied by a few faithful friends, entered the enclosure of the monastery, and, as soon as the requiem mass had been sung, our brotherhood piously hollowed out a grave in the cloister, and there interred all that remained of one of the bravest and best of those Irishmen whose names deserve to be canonized in the pages of history. I know not whether that grave is marked by any cenotaph, but as long as a single fragment of Rosserilly stands, the pilgrim and the wayfarer shall point to it as the last resting-place of Bryan Oge O'Rourke."

"God rest his soul," said Father Purcell, "for he was faithful to the land that gave him birth. Did not one of his ancestors found a monastery for the Franciscans?"

"Most certainly," replied the provincial; "nor did I intend to omit mentioning that fact. Indeed I have good reason to remember the monastery and church of Ballyrourke, or as some call it, Creevelea, for it was there I was ordained priest, and celebrated my first mass.|| That once splendid monastery was founded in

* The Franciscan convent at Rome, where M'Grath made his noviciate.

† 1599.

‡ March, 1603.

§ Every vestige of Leitrim Castle has disappeared.

|| "Ibi celebravi primam missam et sacrum presbiteratordinem recepi."

1508, by Owen O'Rourke, prince of Breeffny, at the instance of his wife, Margaret O'Brien, daughter of Conor King of Thomond, and sister of Fiongalla—the Fair Shouldered—who, as I have already told you, was mainly instrumental in erecting our venerable house of Donegal. The spot which the princess of Breeffny selected for the building lies on the bank of the river Boned, within an easy walk of the Castle of Dromahaire; and, if we may credit local tradition, blessed Patrick erected a church on the same site, which is still called Carrig-Phadraig, or Patrick's rock. The entire edifice, including altars, columns, and chapter, was constructed of fine stone, resembling gray marble; and for its dimensions it was not inferior, as regards architecture and elaborate sculpture, to any other house of our institute in Ireland. Owen O'Rourke erected a monument for himself and his posterity within the chancel,¶ and three years after the foundation stone was laid, Thomas MacBrady, Bishop of the Two Breeffnys (Kilmore), attended by a brilliant retinue of ecclesiastics and laics, consecrated the church and monastery under the invocation of St. Francis. The first friars who took possession of Creevelea were sent from Donegal, for the Princess Margaret, out of affection for her sister, preferred those to whom the latter had been such a constant and munificent benefactress. The community, though small, was well endowed by the O'Rourke, and as long as that princely family ruled their ancient territory, the Franciscans of Creevelea lacked nothing that could contribute to their peace and humble maintenance. The Princess Margaret died in 1512,** and was the first tenant of the splendid tomb†† erected by her lord; and he himself was laid in the same sepulchre in 1528, having previously taken the habit of St. Francis, after extreme unction and repentance. It was, indeed, a year remarkable for the decease of many of those to whom our order is indebted, for in it our brotherhood had also to bewail the loss of Fiongalla, wife of Donel, who, after a life spent in acts of charity and humanity, and after wearing our habit two-and-twenty years, passed out of this life to that everlasting blessedness which she so well merited by her devotedness to God and our holy founder, St. Francis. Eight years‡‡ after the death of Owen O'Rourke—that defending pillar of hospitality, feats of arms, and nobility—a sad misfortune befell the community of Creevelea, for in the dead of night, when the friars were asleep in their cells, a fire broke out—I know not by what accident—and burnt down a goodly portion of the edifice.

It was, indeed, a disastrous night, for along with the loss of many valuable books, the community had also to lament the death of Heremon O'Donel, one of the brotherhood who perished in the flames whilst striv-

¶ He died in this monastery, and was buried in that of Cavan, in the same year (1511).

** Ware, a very unsafe authority regarding the conventual institutions, falsely states that the monastery was built during her viduity.

†† It still exists, though mutilated.

‡‡ 1636.

ing to save the sacred vessels. Bryan Ballach O'Rourke, however, (Owen's successor, and father of Bryan-na-Murtha, of whom I have already spoken), partially restored the sacred edifice; but owing to the constant wars in which he was engaged, he was never able to fully repair the damage caused by the fire. Nevertheless the community continued to live there, labouring, praying, and educating the youth of the district till they were expelled from their venerable abode by Sir Richard Bingham, who, on more than one occasion, turned the monastery and church into quarters for his soldiers, pillaged the place, and burnt the richly carved panels of the choir for fuel. The fatal issue of the late war, and the revolt of Teige O'Rourke, who, after the defeat at Kinsale, as I have already told you, joined the enemies of his country, completed the ruin of Creevelea, for he who would have restored, nay, renewed its beauty, now lies sleeping his last sleep in the cloister of Rosserilly.

"And how fared it with that traitorous Teige?" asked Father Purcell.

"As he deserved," replied the provincial, "for the English, on the accession of James I., rewarded his recreancy with the title of knight, and made him a grant of some hundreds of acres in the ancient principality of Breffny. He did not, however, live long to enjoy either title or lands, for he died in 1605, and was buried in the ancestral tomb at Creevelea. May God assail him, for he hated his stepbrother, the rightful prince of Breffny, and would not rest in the same sepulchre with him!"

"Tis a sad instance of fraternal discord," observed Father Purcell.

"Only one of the many which wrought Ireland's ruin, dear friend," resumed the Provincial. "Alas, to what excesses will not ambition and sordid self-interest impel even the hearts of brothers. Is it not Virgil who says of that passion—

'Tu potes unanimes armare in prelia fratres;'

and does not Lucan tell us in his *'Pharsalia'* that a brother's blood shed by a brother's hand was the first to stain the walls of Rome.

'Fraterno primi maduerunt sanguine muri.'

But why go beyond the inspired books for examples when we can find them in the history of Jacob and Esau, of Absalom and Ammon, and in that of Lisimachus and Menelaus?*

"True, true," replied Father Purcell, "'tis the old story of Eteocles and Polynices repeating itself. The ashes of these two brothers, conscious of resentment to the last, would not consume on the same pyre, and perhaps—shall I hazard the reflection?—perhaps the bones of those O'Rourkes would not crumble in peace had they been laid in the same sepulchre,—*'Fratrum quoque gratia rara est,'* as Ovid hath it."

"What an extravagant supposition!" remarked the Provincial; "but instead of indulging such idle fancies, let us pray that the Irish of future times, warned by the calamities that have fallen upon their predecessors, will guard against an accursed policy, which has worked out its worst ends by sowing the seeds of dissension in

* Macabees 2. 4.

hearts created by God to struggle and combine for their country's happiness.

"Little more remains to be said of Creevelea, for when Bryan, son of Teige the usurper, was summoned to London in 1615, and told that he should allow his lands to be colonised by English and Scotch undertakers, he refused to agree to such a proposal, and was then imprisoned in the Tower, where he is at this moment.† Breffny, meanwhile, was parcelled out between Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and the Hamiltons, who scourged the native population with a rod of iron. As for the monastery, it was leased to one Harrison, who in consideration of an annual and exorbitant rent, allowed the friars to cover a portion of the church with thatch, and themselves, now reduced to four or five, to live as best they may in miserable shielings near the ancient monastery. A truculent grasping wretch is this Harrison; for he no sooner discovered that peculiar trait of the Irish character—I mean their hereditary love of being interred in the graves of their forefathers, or within the precincts of some hallowed ruin—than he erected a gate at the entrance of the cemetery, and levied toll on every corpse that was brought to be buried there."

"A veritable Charon," observed Father Purcell, "who will not allow the dead to cross the Stygian lake, till he has received his piece of money!"—

"Or rather one," replied the Provincial, "who ignores the virtues which recommended Tobias to the angel Raphael. We have talked far into the night, so for the present enough."

We may supplement Mooney's narrative, by stating that Creevelea was repaired by the Franciscans in 1642, when Sir Owen O'Rourke made an attempt to recover the lordship and lands of his ancestors, but at the close of the Cromwellian war, that family was once more involved in the general confiscations. That some of the O'Rourke's, however, still clung to their native soil is quite certain, as we learn from the beautiful epitaph, which Teige O'Roddy of Crossfield, (Co. Leitrim,) composed for one of them who died young in 1671.

*"CONDITUR EXIGUA ROURK HAC BERNARDUS IN URNA,
STIRPE PERILLUSTRI, MENTE, LYRAQUE LINUS,
HIC PUDOR HIPPOLITI, PARIDIS GENA, PECTUS ULYSSIS,
ÆNEAE PIETAS, HECTORIS IRA JACET.
FLOS JUVENUM, SPLENDOR PROAVUM, JUNII IDIBUS
EHEU!
INTERIT, RUTILIS VECTUS AD USQUE POLOS!"*

As for the friars, they continued to live in thatched cabins in the neighbourhood of the monastery, and be it recorded to their honor, one of them (in the year 1718.) initiated the venerable Charles O'Connor of Belenagare in the first rudiments of Latin, as he himself tell us in his memoirs. At present Creevelea is a very extensive ruin, containing, along with the tomb of its founder, various fragments of monuments to the O'Murroughs, Cornins, and other ancient families of Breffny-O'Rourke.

† He was imprisoned in 1617, and spent thirty years in the Tower of London.

A DAY AT GLENDALOUGH.

BY W. F. WAKEMAN.

SOME twenty years ago we paid our first visit to the "Valley of the Seven Churches"—"that inexpressibly singular scene of Irish antiquities," as described by Sir Walter Scott. Wishing to renew our impressions of what may justly be considered the most interesting and picturesque district in Ireland, we, in company with a friend, started one fine morning last May on a two days' tour in Wicklow, having arranged to make the Glen of the Two Lakes our resting-place for the night. We discarded the railway—a mode of conveyance more suited, we believe, to the requirements of mere business men, or lovers, parted, than to those of the leisurely tourist, whose object is to see God's work in its uncultured loveliness—

To hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores
unrolled."

or, perhaps, to gain health and recreation amid the bright scenes and bracing air of the ever-beautiful country. Our bargain with the jarvy was soon completed, and in half an hour or so we had left old Dublin some miles behind us. St. Patrick's steeple was still visible, but the tower seemed to melt into a stratum of smoke, which even at that early hour (about nine o'clock A.M.) had gathered like a cloud over the lower parts of the city. After passing Dundrum we considered ourselves fairly in the country. Immediately on our right rose the Three Rock Mountain, the Slieve Rud, or Red Mountain of the Annalist, over which Red Hugh O'Donnell, after breaking prison in Dublin Castle, is recorded to have fled, on his way to the fastness of Glenmalur. To the northward, at a distance of between sixty and seventy miles, the sublime range of the Mourne Mountains, in the county Down, could be distinctly seen, as also Slieve Gullion, in the county Armagh. The greater and lesser Sugar Loaf rose to the south. How those lofty and pointed mountains acquired so unromantic a name has not as yet been traced by antiquaries, but the name is certainly anything but appropriate, and contrasts very unfavourably with that by which these mountains, from their form and colour, were known to our ancestors some centuries ago, viz.—the "Silver Spears." As we advanced, the scenery became more and more interesting. Sea and mountain, wood, rock, and meadow, in fact, every variety, was there, and above us, an intensely blue, summer heaven, varied with drifting, mist-like clouds, which seemed to hang about the mountain tops, every now and then melting into a bright, laughing shower. At Kilternan, six miles from Dublin, we stopped to visit what we believe to be the largest cromlech in Ireland. The covering stone, which remains in its original position, measures twenty-three feet by eighteen, and is about six feet thick. How the old Pagan builders of this "giant's grave" could have lifted such a mass of rock upon its supporters, is a nice question for antiquaries. The

cromlechs, we may say, had long been looked upon as altars erected by the Druids for the purpose of human sacrifices. They are now proved to be simply graves of a prehistoric period.

Leaving Kilternan, we soon arrived at the Scalp, a well-known pass, which seems to have been formed by the rending asunder of the mountain. The very bowels of the earth seem here exposed, huge masses of granite in some places actually overhanging the road. Some are detached from the parent rock, and have rolled down the precipice on either side of the road. Ireland, in several districts, is stony enough. In Clare, and in many parts of Galway, the surface of the earth is literally overspread with loose stones, which look, as an American gentleman quietly remarked, "like the riddlings of creation;" but here the mountain has evidently been parted by some great convulsion of Nature, and you see the living rock on either side, while many thousands, perhaps millions, of tons of stones have been cast widespread into the valley.

Enniskerry, in English, Sheep Island, is soon reached, a pretty village which seems to have grown up and flourished under the fostering care of the Powerscourt family. The Castle of Powerscourt stands hard by, and may be looked upon as one of the finest residences in Ireland. The present building represents an ancient fortalice of the Cavanaghs, who, in Feagh MacHugh's time, together with a few confederate chieftains, held a large portion of the county of Wicklow against all the forces of England that even Queen Elizabeth could send against them.

Powerscourt castle, whether through surprise or treachery, was at length taken by Marshal Wingfield, the direct ancestor of the present lord, and about eighty of the Cavanaghs, who chiefly constituted the garrison, were brought to Dublin, and hanged some few days after the capture. An original portrait of the Marshal, in fine preservation, is still to be seen at the castle.

Leaving Enniskerry, a short drive brought us to "the long hill," a very long and steep ascent over a portion of the Sugar Loaf mountain. Here it was that our carman first began to show his conversational talents. We had been requested to "ease the beast" by walking up the hill, a distance of about one mile and a quarter, and, of course, we obeyed, carmen, like nursetenders, having a completely despotic and untempered sway when on special duty.

"Faith, then, gentlemen, you're a merrier company than I saw here the last time."

"How is that?" said my friend, while our Jehu was endeavouring to light a lucifer, beneath the shelter of the car. Puff, puff, and a grunt of satisfaction at the sight of the thread of blue smoke which swelled from the dhudeen, was the only reply. At length, the ignition being thoroughly accomplished, our friend could find his tongue, and as the mare tacked up the big hill, just as a ship will progress, in zig-zag against the wind, he informed us of a mishap which had befallen some visitors from England upon that very mountain some years before.

The tourists, it appeared, had determined on making the ascent of the Great Sugar Loaf, and had with them a hamper well stored with creature comforts; so well stored, indeed, that the weight of it was to the short-winded Saxons a subject much more pleasant to contemplate than to experience.

They, nevertheless, attempted the ascent, carrying the precious freight as best they could, but the day was intensely hot, and they were making but little way, growing more and more troubled every minute, when a fine specimen of a native, who sometimes acted as a local guide, appeared upon the scene. A bargain was soon made, that for the sum of two and sixpence the new-comer should shoulder the source of their present trouble, and, as they fondly imagined, future enjoyment, and convey it to the very summit of the mountain. The simple peasant guide seemed greatly to pity the inexperience, as mountaineers, of his now rather jaded employers, and with admirable consideration directed them by a route which, though somewhat longer, was less abruptly steep than that by which he himself should go. Few of our readers, we are sure, have not sometime or other experienced the effect of keen mountain air on their appetites, particularly after a long dusty summer day's drive, and not a little pedestrian exercise.

We may imagine, then, the visions of edibles and potables which floated upon the imaginations of the climbers, for had they not clubbed for the contents of the precious basket, and did they not each and all know to an ounce what was to be expected. On and on they went, getting every moment more desperate at the length of the journey and the steepness of the hill; but it was pleasant to see the guide doing his duty manfully, though even he seemed to suffer somewhat under the weight of his burden. He was not always visible, however, but then he would reappear from behind some rock, steadily working skyward, as if "*excelsior*" had been his motto.

At length, having reached to within about twenty yards of the summit, he rests the basket on the rock, and throws himself beside it with the air of one completely exhausted. The tourists presently gather round, and the poor fellow, in piteous accents, begs that their honours will convey his late burden the few yards farther it has to go themselves, as "he feels it coming on him, and he must hasten home, where he will have Judy to mind him."

"What's coming on?—what's the matter?" they exclaimed.

"Why, then, your honours, it's the falling-sickness, that sometimes attacks me after I do be hard worked on a hot day like this, God bless it, and I feel just as if the fit was coming on now, and surely, gentlemen, 'twould only be a Christian act of kindness to let me go home, and to take the basket the few yards yourselves."

"All right," says one of the Englishmen; "here is your money, my man, and you had better get along home as quickly as possible: we shall be hard set, I dare say, to carry ourselves down over these cursed

rocks, which roll about so under one, without having also to carry a man in a fit."

"Long life to your honour. I'll not lose a minute," said the fellow, slowly disappearing.

Ten minutes or so brought our hungry, thirsty, puffing, but delighted party to the long-wished-for spot on the very highest peak of the mountain, and a drink was instantaneously proposed by each individual. A few cords are cut, the lid opens, the cloth is removed, and, O heavens! judge of their feelings to find that the basket they had so painfully carried contained nothing but stones—granite stones!

The guide's story about his sickness was, of course, all sham, and he had taken the opportunity, when cut off from view of his party by some rock, of making the exchange. This is a true story, and we may add that the man was afterwards sent to Wicklow gaol for this very robbery. From the Long Hill to Roundwood the country is dreary in the extreme, owing to the absence of wood, which has been felled for centuries.

At Roundwood, where we wished to delay for some refreshment, our horse was unyoked and stabled by a man totally blind, and who was quite unassisted. This singular character is said never to forget the voice of any person he has spoken with. The writer of this article asked the man whether he knew him? The reply was: "Yes, sir, you were here this time last year, with Mr. O'Reilly, on your way to Loch Dan," and so we had been. For the benefit of such of our readers as may love the gentle sport of fly-fishing, we may here inform them that though the trout of Loch Dan, a beautiful sheet of water, situate about two miles from Roundwood, are usually considerably under herring size, yet they are very numerous, and rise freely. On one occasion we captured twelve dozen to our own rod. There is a little cottage by the side of the lake, kept by a man named Manwaring, where tourists can find a bed, but they generally bring their own provisions with them. From Roundwood to Glendalough the road has little to interest the lover of Nature, but fortunately the drive is a short one, and our jarvy made it appear still shorter by his stories of the famous outlaw, General O'Dwyer, who held out for a considerable time after the rebellion of 1798 had been generally suppressed, and ultimately made honourable terms for himself and followers, which the government subsequently violated. We shall have a word to say of the General presently.

We now approach the celebrated Glen, or the "Seven Churches, as the place is usually styled." The scene suddenly changes, and we find ourselves, as it were, shut out from the rest of the world by huge gloomy mountains, the sides of which, in many places, actually overhang the ancient city of St. Kevin.

An American writer states, "that the almost deathly quiet, the oppressive loneliness, the strange, deep, unearthly gloom of this mouldering city of the dead, are things to be felt in all their melancholy and weird-like power, but which could scarce be pictured by the sternest and most vivid word-painting. Here it was that, some thirteen hundred years ago, Saint Kevin founded

an ecclesiastical establishment, round which subsequently one of the most famous cities in Ireland rose, flourished, and decayed, so that, as stated in a letter of the Archbishop of Tuam and his suffragans, written about A.D. 1213, it had been so waste and desolate for nearly forty years previously, that instead of a church it had become a den of thieves and robbers. A ruin so long ago as the beginning of the thirteenth century!

That the number of churches here so singularly grouped together was more than seven, there can be no question, as though several which existed during the close of the last century have disappeared, at present eight churches, more or less preserved, can be pointed out. Of the ancient habitations no traces exist. In Ireland, and, indeed, in the British Islands generally, at the time when Glendalough flourished, structures of earth or timber usually prevailed, except in districts of the south and west, where wood was scarce, and stone abundant. With the exception of a portion of the cashel or wall, by which the city was originally enclosed, the Round Tower, and some traces of St. Kevin's cloughawn or circular stone dwelling-house, and, we may add, the building called St. Kevin's Kitchen, all the edifices which remain are simply churches of various dates, some of them pronounced by Petrie, our greatest authority on Irish antiquarian subjects, to be the very buildings erected in the lifetime of the saint.

From the "Life of Saint Kevin," published by the Bollandists in the "Acta Sanctorum," at the third of June, Dr. Petrie gathers that in the earlier years of the saint's ecclesiastical life, having dwelt in solitude for four years, in various places in the upper part of the valley, between the mountain and the lake, his monks erected for him a beautiful church, called Desert-Cavghin, on the upper side of the lake, and between it and the mountain, and drawing him from his retirement, prevailed upon him to live with them at that church," which, as the writer states, "continued to be a celebrated monastic church even to his own time; and," he adds, "that here St. Kevin wished to remain and die. After remaining here for a few years, he was induced by an angel to remove his monastery to the east of the smaller lake, and it was round this establishment that the city gradually arose. Here St. Kevin died in 618, and was interred." A considerable portion of the walls of the Desert-Cavghin church still remain, but all features of interest to the antiquary, such as doorways, windows, or arches, have been destroyed. Another building, usually associated with the name of St. Kevin, is the celebrated "Kitchen," a building which derives its singular name, no doubt, from the chimney-like appearance of a small round-tower belfry, rising from its western gable.

That this is a house of very early date, converted into a chapel in the twelfth century, there can be little question. The original building was a small oblong room, to which a chancel, lately destroyed, and a vestry which still remains, were added probably about the close of the twelfth century, as is indicated by the style of the window remaining in the vestry. The vaulted stone roof

and round-tower belfry are probably of this date also. What clearly proves the alteration, is the roundheaded chancel arch which is cut through the wall, and not formed on the principle of an arch. Here, then, is a building, which was no doubt old, and added to in the twelfth century, a period when many writers try to persuade us, that building in lime and stone was first practised in Ireland. Mr. Parker writes, "that there is strong reason to believe that the vault and stone roof are part of the alteration in the twelfth century; and that the ledge at the springing construction of the arch, may arise from the greater thickness of the earlier walls, which had originally a floor and roof of wood. The construction of the base of the round tower in the west gable, shews that the vault and roof were built with it, and added upon the walls of Cyclopean masonry. All the upper part is of small stones. There is a space between the top of the vault and the ridge of the roof, but hardly of sufficient space to have been used for any purpose, and there was apparently no access to it."

The Lady church between the cathedral and the lake, as the place of Saint Kevin's grave, must be considered as one of the most interesting ruins in the glen.

We would respectfully suggest to such of our readers as may be the proprietors, and therefore the natural guardians of a time-hallowed structure, that very frequently the most interesting portions of such an edifice are so thickly enveloped with ivy as to be of little use to the architectural student, many of whom we hope to number amongst our readers. It is a very mistaken notion now generally dying out, that to envelope an ancient church or tower with ivy, adds in any way to its picturesque, or that the building is less likely to suffer from the effects of the weather when thus covered. It is a fact that the greater number of our most interesting monuments of antiquity, are rendered useless to the architectural student, in proportion to the luxuriance of the green in which they are hidden; and so far from being a protection to old walls, ivy is known to be their chief destroyer, as its tendency is to grow through as well as over the masonry. Once entered, it acts like a wedge, displacing the stones and admitting water, and ultimately bursting a wall which, but for its insidious advances, would probably have stood to tell its story for centuries to come. The Lady Church should be carefully examined. Its doorway presents one of the very finest specimens of early Christian architecture in the kingdom. It particularly attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott, even at a time when Irish ecclesiastical remains were scarcely understood or appreciated even in Ireland.

It is much to be regretted that this doorway is the only remaining feature of what may perhaps be considered the most interesting church of the group, whether we consider its architectural excellence or the associations which connect it with the history of the original foundation. Twenty years ago it stood nearly perfect, but the ivy has been, and is doing the sapper's work; and unless some steps be taken to arrest its advances, we may soon

lose the most remarkable of the early Christian doorways remaining in the island.

Another building, the "Ree-Fear" church, or the Burial-place of the kings, is unquestionably one of the oldest churches in Ireland. The eastern gable and chancel have disappeared, and most of the side walls, but the greater portion of the western end remains, containing a splendid specimen of the early Irish doorway, which is second only to that of the Lady Church already noticed. The cemetery here, as its name implies, was the burial-place of the princes of the district formerly ruled by the O'Byrnes, O'Tooles and Cavanaghs. After ages of desecration, ruin and neglect, a single inscribed monumental flag-stone, sacred to the memory of the illustrious dead, does not now remain, at least above ground. The last visible monument of antiquity which remained here was popularly believed to have been the tombstone of an Irish king, and was usually shown as such by the so-called "guides" of Glendalough, who, ultimately to gratify the craving of Cockney or at least of English curiosity-seekers (as also to gain sundry shillings,) broke up the stone of which Dr. Petrie has fortunately secured an accurate drawing, and sold it in fragments of about the size of a half-crown, as specimens of the tomb of a real "Hirish" king! The stone rendered simply an inscription in the Irish language, imploring a prayer for the repose of one of the great family of O'Foole; and who from the character of the inscription and accompanying incised cross, had been probably bishop of Glendalough; one of those prelates whose names have been lost during the burnings of the middle ages, or the equally deplorable destruction of later times. Indeed, since the period of our first visit, many objects of high interest had disappeared from the cemetery and other localities of the glen, amongst the rest, a venerable yew tree of immense size, and which there is reason to believe was coeval with the original foundation, if it had not been planted by the hands of Saint Kevin himself. This hoary relic of antiquity, equally interesting to the antiquary and to the naturalist, was literally hewn to pieces by the "guides," who sold the fragments to tourists in the rough state, or manufactured into paper folders, card cases, or snuff boxes. The very roots were grubbed up; and when the supply of the genuine article failed, as we have been informed, other timber was substituted, and the traffic still goes on.

Of the remaining churches, the Cathedral, situated in the middle of the great cemetery, is the largest and most important. The lower portion of its walls, like the lower portion of Saint Kevin's kitchen, is composed of Cyclopean masonry, and dates probably from the sixth century. In the decorations which remain, an Irish style of ornamentation of about the twelfth century is exhibited.

To the south-west of the cathedral at a short distance stands one of the very finest of the celebrated Round Towers. Buildings of this class had long excited the attention of antiquaries. Succeeding writers had severally assumed that these mysterious structures were Celestial

Indexes, Buddhist Temples, Hero monuments, Anchorite Retreats, and so forth; and indeed until lately the opinions held and published concerning them were nearly as numerous as the towers themselves.

It remained for Dr. Petrie to set the long-disputed question for ever at rest, by proving, as we believe beyond question, that while the savants of this and other countries were at sixes and sevens with one another as to the origin and uses of the towers, the simple peasant who styled them by their name in Irish "Cloig-teach" or bell-house, had no opinion on the subject but the right one; and the learned Doctor by reference to passages in the annals and other documents of authority, and by a careful examination of the architectural peculiarities of the towers themselves, has collected a mass of evidence which proves that the period within which it was customary to erect those buildings, was not earlier than the fifth and little later than the twelfth centuries.

Indeed it is difficult to believe many of the towers to be older than the twelfth century. As to their adaptation for belfries there can be no question, and that they had been sometimes used as places of safety, numerous references to them in the annals would prove.

No unprejudiced person, upon examining the Round Tower, and the belfry turret resting upon the western gable of St. Kevin's Kitchen, can fail to perceive that both are exactly on the same construction. The tower is 110 feet in height, and is partly composed of truly Cyclopean masonry. The head of its doorway is semi-circular, and is cut out of a single stone, like the doorway of very many of the round towers of Ireland. On the interior there are rests for six floors, each storey, except the uppermost, being lighted by a single aperture with inclined sides. The top storey has openings, four in number, facing the cardinal points. In the eastern portion of the glen, at a distance of about one mile from the cathedral, the ecclesiologist will find the ruin of what must have been the most beautiful of the churches at Glendalough. Unfortunately this interesting relic has become a complete ruin. The columns of the chancel arch still remain, and in their capitals and bases afford admirable specimens of ante-Norman decoration. The stones which formed the arch seem not to have been removed, and if collected and re-arranged upon the columns, which are perfectly uninjured, one of the most beautiful choir arches in Ireland might be preserved to posterity. No visitor should leave the glen without examining the "ivy church," which stands closely by the road side, near the modern village. It consists of nave and chancel, and was fitted with a semi-detached round tower belfry, which, however, no longer exists. The semi-circular choir arch is an admirable specimen of undecorated work of the earliest age of church architecture in Ireland. Its doorway and remaining windows are of a semicircular or triangular form, and are valuable studies. Of the other churches, little may be said. For the most part, they are shapeless masses of ruin, and speak eloquently of the shameful neglect with which the authorities, be who they may,

have treated the most interesting group of natural antiquities to be found in the kingdom.

The celebrated "Bed" of St. Kevin, is a low, narrow cell, capable of holding about two persons, hewn out of the rock, at a distance of about thirty feet above the water of the upper lake. This dreary mountain eyry is explored by the greater number of the tourists who, chiefly in the summer time, visit the celebrities of Glendalough, and to climb the perpendicular cliff in which it is situate, is considered by many no ordinary feat.

The legend of "Cathleen and St. Kevin," so generally known through the beautiful versification of our national poet, seems to rest on no historical foundation whatever; but certain it is that the "Bed" had been at one time used as a place of retreat for the purpose of prayer and contemplation by the so-called "cruel-hearted saint." The late Rev. Cesar Otway thus describes his visit; and as more than one of the names which he mentions as having been recorded upon its sides have, since his time, been obliterated, we give the author's own words: "By this time we had rowed under St. Kevin's Bed, and landing adjoining to it, ascended an inland stratum of rock to a sort of ledge or resting-place, from whence I and some others prepared to enter the Bed. Here the guides make much ado about proposing their assistance; but to any one who has common sense and enterprise, there is no serious difficulty; for by the aid of certain holes in the rock, and points which you can easily grasp, you can turn into this little artificial cave, which, in fact, is not bigger than a small baker's oven. I, and two young men who followed me, found it a very tight fit when crouched together in it. At the further end there is a sort of pillow and peculiar excavation made for the saint's head, and the whole of the interior is tattooed with the initials of such as have ventured to come in. Amongst many I could observe those of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Combermere, etc., and we were shewn the engravings of certain blue-stocking dames—as, for instance, Lady Morgan, who had made it her temporary 'boudoir.' The names of Thomas Moore, Maria Edgeworth, and of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, also occur. We were informed that not long ago an adventurous Scotch earl chose to spend the night in this singular bed with his son, a young child, and that his lordship did not get a wink of sleep, being kept awake, not by the interference of any visitor from the other world, not by the hardness of his couch, nor the breaking of the waves immediately below, but by the snoring of his over-tired companion.

The city, proper, of Glendalough was anciently surrounded by an immense wall or cashel, the chief gateway of which, until lately, remained perfect. It consisted of an outer and inner archway, truly Roman in character, and which in any other country would have been carefully preserved. The great archway for many years was in a tottering condition, and it was easy to see it must come down.

One pound or thirty shillings would have covered the expense of its perfect preservation. Indeed, it was melancholy to contemplate the wanton ruin which had

fallen upon the venerable city since the period of our first visit. Several very early and quaintly carved crosses, which had marked the last resting-place of chieftain, bishop, priest, or anchorite, have disappeared altogether, and it is only to be hoped that they have been buried in some modern grave, and may yet be recovered. Several large stone crosses of a peculiarly Irish character still remain, but they are very early in character, and are undecorated and uninscribed. The chief monument of this class stands in the great cemetery a little to the south of the cathedral;—it is a fine specimen, formed of one enormous block of granite, and no doubt, was erected to the memory of one, great in his time; but of whom no record exists by which his monument may be identified.

Of the history of Glendalough for many centuries after its foundation less is known than might be expected from the ancient importance of the place, as a seat of religion, literature, and ecclesiastical government. —We know that like Clonmacnoise, Monasterboice, Slane, and other kindred foundations, it suffered many burnings and plunderings, at the hands of the Scandinavian pirates, who, for about three centuries, were the scourge of these islands.

A clamorous crowd of men, and also one or two women, invariably beset a visitor to the Seven Churches, and frequently do battle amongst themselves in their anxiety for an engagement as guide. They cram the stranger who will listen to them with so-called "legends" of St. Kevin, Cathleen, Fin MacCool, and the royal O'Tooles; but be it known to our readers, their stories are all modern inventions, made chiefly to tickle the fancy of tourists from the sister isle.

"Here you are, your honour!" a fellow will roar, "sure 'twas I that had Sir Walter Scott." Another puts in for an engagement by assuring us that "twas he discovered all the curiosities for Dr. Petrie." On one occasion, when that learned antiquary was visiting the Churches in company with a friend or two, the party was met as usual by an anxious guide, who accosted the doctor, asseverating that he was the very man that the great Dr. Petrie always took with him.

"Indeed," said one of the visitors, "is he anything like that gentleman?" at the same time pointing to Petrie.

"Oh Lord, no," was the reply of the guide, who seemed not a little astonished at the burst of laughter which followed.

After having viewed the striking and varied effect which a sunset at Glendalough always presents, we retired to the hostel, where some tourists from England were holding conversation on the events of their day's ramble.

"It's all very well," said one, "to be trudging amongst the stones and wet grass for half a day, looking at old walls, and listening to yarns about people who lived before our time; but I should just now like to know whether they have got skittles in this here place!"